

THE BOOK OF
ULTIMA THULE
Archibald MacMechan







THE BOOK of
ULTIMA
THULE
MacMechan



To Publ:-

On the occasion of
his first-visit to Nova Scotia:-

From Aunt Ma-

July. 30 1922.

Come again quite soon.

BOOKS BY ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

The Porter of Bagdad
The Life of a Little College
The Winning of Popular Government
Sagas of the Sea
Headwaters of Canadian Literature
Old Province Tales

Edited

Carlyle, Sartor Resartus

Heroes and Hero Worship

Essay on Burns

Nova Scotia Archives II. and III.

Tennyson, Select Poems

THE BOOK OF ULTIMA THULE

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN



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TO
EDMUND J. SULLIVAN, A.R.W.S.

In a happy hour I chanced upon one of your designs for "Sartor Resartus." It proved the silken clue which led me with delight into the labyrinth of your consummate art. Your mastery of technique, your command of symbol and of the Noble Grotesque, your prodigal invention, your sympathy with Age and Poverty, your power of interpreting with your pencil the Masters,—Carlyle, Tennyson, Omar—set you apart from all other artists in black-and-white. Every line in your pictures has its meaning for me—"fair, speechless messages." In gratitude for the pleasure your art has given and gives me, I dedicate to you these word pictures of the land I love.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.



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Preface



WHEN Tityrus made his beechen bower echo with the name of Amaryllis, it is highly probable that the nymph's real name was quite different and far more prosaic. It is, in truth, a dull lover who can rest content with the real name of his mistress and cannot invent some appellation more subtly symbolic of her manifold, adorable qualities.

If then one Aged Lover who has not renounced Love chooses to designate the Province of Nova Scotia by a less familiar name, it is in token of his affection for the land and for the people. If precedent be invoked, Howe named it Ultima Thule a century ago. The name is poetry. Nova Scotia, — Acadie, — Arcadia, — The Mayflower Province, — Ultima Thule, — " 'Tis all one reckonings," as Fluellen says. By parity of reasoning, I may, without reproof, give to Halifax the name of Dolcefara, or "Pleasant Doing," avoiding all insinuation of *niente*.

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Within these covers are assembled some score of attempts to seize and reveal the spirit of the place. So far from being exaggerated or overstrained, these papers represent but broken gleams of the visionary beauty induced by the genius of this sea-beaten, mist-mantled, valley-cloven, many-watered, green-garmented Province of Canada which fronts the Atlantic and the rising sun. The inspiring reality is far more wonderful. Such as they are, their one aim is praise of Nova Scotia.

I

The Singularity of the
Province

The Singularity of the Province



FEW years ago, the provinces of Canada were seven, which is a mystical number, a perfect number. Now they are nine, which is also a perfect number. To the Canadian Canada spells perfection. Nine is the number of the Muses. Nine emblematic mourning women surround the tomb of the fallen Canadian leader. To add one more figure to the monument, one more province to the Dominion, would mar the poetic symmetry of the great design.

Each province has a character of its own; the older the province, the more character, the richer individuality. The newer ones are still in the progress of making, but the older ones are made. Quebec is a peasant French community, clinging to the mother speech and ancient stately Mother Church, with a cultivated upper class deeply interested in literature and art. Her motto is *Je me souviens*. Ever mindful of her stor-

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ied past, she is a dreamer of impossible dreams for the future. It is the one community with a folk lore and a folk poetry of its own. The songs of the people are really songs of the people brought from their old home across the sea; they have a poignant sweetness unmatched except among the minstrelsy of Scotland and the *Volkslieder* of Germany. Their name for their beloved province is not the official name on the map, but New France, with pathetic reference to the corrupt, tottering, feudal Old France which abandoned them to their fate a hundred and sixty years ago. The France they look to to-day is also a new France, republican, Voltairean, materialistic, busied in removing from the national life every sign, symbol and trace of the Faith.

Ontario is a fiercely democratic, English-speaking community, mundane, practical, intent on agriculture, manufacture, trade, —buying and selling and getting gain. Inequalities in rank and wealth are not yet glaring. Its virtues and vices are alike inconspicuous, as of commonplace people who pay their debts and go to church on Sunday. Its civilization is distinctly Puritan, perhaps the last refuge of Puritanism.

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It devotes much time, labour and money to education, and it obtains results; its intellectual interests are religion and politics. Underneath is a strong capacity for enthusiasm, manifesting itself in a quixotic, Jacobinist attachment to a reigning sovereign not one in ten thousand of the people ever saw, in celebrations of the Dominion's birthday, and in a curious promptness to answer the call to arms. No province had a nobler record in the Great War. The Puritan was a fighting man, and Cromwell's Ironsides were never beaten. Ontario is admittedly the Banner Province; her deepest conviction is that Ontario is Canada.

But the Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia is a very different thing from the Quebec-acy of Quebec, the Ontariosity of Ontario, or the New Brunswickedness of New Brunswick. The peninsular province has a flag, a flower, and a nickname all its own. These possessions betoken history.

New France flies the tricolor of the republic instead of the golden lilies. From the deck of a steamer on the memorable 26th of June, 1896, I saw it hoisted on the beautiful island of Orleans, above the English flag, whatever may have been the

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omen. If there are two flags bent on one halliard, one must be uppermost. The other provinces must content themselves with the old red ensign, the symbol of Britain's world-wide commerce. The ugly conglomerate splotch of arms in the "fly" has apparently no official recognition. Only Nova Scotia has a provincial flag, not English, not French, in origin, but all its own. It is a white flag with the blue St. Andrew's cross (saltire) dividing the "field" in four. In the centre is the double-tressured lion of Scotland, the ruddy lion ramping in gold. You recognise, of course, the arms of Sir William Alexander, first grantee of the province, still borne in part by the Baronets of Nova Scotia, that order of nobility to which Sir Arthur Wardour was so proud to belong. Sir William was a Scot, a poet, and a favorite of that kindly Scot, King James, First of England, but Sixth of Scotland. He burned to found a kingdom in the New World, and was granted the province of Acadie, just then taken from the French. The King himself, as became the pupil of Buchanan, may well have stood sponsor for the Latin name. This was to be a new Scotland, to match new England,

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new France, new Spain. It was to be parcelled out in baronies, and, by a legal fiction, it was supposed to be part of the county of Edinburgh. The Baronets were to be "invested" on Castle Hill of the Good Town. This "flag of a trading company," as it has been called in scorn, flies over government buildings on high days and holidays. It represents three centuries of history. Indian, Frenchman, Acadian, Gael, Scot, Englishman, German, Catholic, Huguenot, explorer, fur-trader, privateer, fisherman, pirate, loyalist, land-grabber, settler, farmer, miner, sailor have wrought to make that history. Vanished cities, national heroes, fleets and armies, great wars, revolutions, princes of the blood, tribunes of the people have borne their part in it. The tale is long and fascinating, rich in picturesque personality, and moving incident, but it can only be hinted here.

One of the chief surprises Nova Scotia holds for those who think it another Nova Zembla is the number and profusion of its wild flowers. Under Blomidon, the field sides, shielded by the alder, bloom into untended gardens of golden-rod, evening primrose, scented purple thistle, heal-all,

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Queen Anne's lace, jewel-weed, and thickets of the wilding rose. All along the Valley, the Happy Valley, you will find the white rose blooming beside the doorway of every farm house. Columbine tinges the meadow grasses with crimson, violet, honey-colour. But the Mayflower, the trailing arbutus, *Epigaea repens* is the favourite. In Ontario it is a rarity the botanist goes miles to find. In the Mayflower Province, whole parties visit the spring woods to gather it, and return bearing their sheaves with them. Ladies may be seen in trams and ferry-boats with great handfuls of it. The country folk make it an article of merchandise, bound in stiff little bouquets in the Green Market. Negro women hawk it from door to door. The business man wears it in his button-hole, and has it on his office desk. It scents Haligonian drawing-rooms. Nova Scotians love the little flower; they celebrate it in verse; and they have defined their right to it as a provincial emblem by legal enactment against the wiles of the adjacent state of Massachusetts. The Pilgrim Fathers would fain deprive us of our treasure, but "An Act respecting the Floral Emblem of Nova

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Scotia," *Edward. Sept. I. cap. X*, will ever stand as an insurmountable barrier to their encroachments. From the fact that the Mayflower is the very firstling of the spring, Nova Scotia derives her poetic and significant motto, "We bloom amid the snow."

We have also a nickname, flung at us as a reproach, but adopted proudly and worn as a badge of honour. Our nickname is "Bluenose." Its origin is wrapped in mystery. Somewhere near the end of the eighteenth century, it was used to designate our potatoes and our people. It conveys a sneer at the cold pinched faces of our provincials, residing in a land of everlasting ice and snow. "Nova Scarcity," another Whig coinage, echoes the taunt. It is like that mistaken curse, "Go to Halifax!" Whoever utters that malediction is like Balaam, the son of Beor; he desires to curse, but he blesses against his will. I am not prepared to make any general statement regarding the hue of Nova Scotia noses, but I will go into court and swear to the colour in Nova Scotia cheeks. Traverse the province from end to end, watch the groups at the railway stations, and your

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chief impression will be of sturdy men, comely women and chubby children, with the good red blood showing through the clear skin. The cosmetic is fog, perhaps, and sea air. The face of the Nova Scotian girl is often like the face of the wild Nova Scotian rose.

Local pride is strong, and who shall blame it? As a country—*pays*—our Province has a varied beauty all its own. It is an all-but-island, with no point more than thirty miles from the sea. Freshwater lakes form long chains in the interior. The Atlantic coast is a granite wall indented by uncounted bays, and creeks, and harbours, and fiords, and inlets and estuaries, with long wonderful beaches stretching from headland to headland, with endless rocky islands, and reefs, and ledges filling the great bights and threatening ships far out from shore. Quaint, white, old-world fishing villages nestle in the clefts of the rock, each with its church spire and lonely lighthouse, each with its legends of storm, or wreck, or buried treasure, or phantom ship, or privateers, or Indian raid. On the Fundy side, the prodigious racing tides, which Howe advised us to brag about when

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we could brag of nothing else, fashion another kind of landscape,—broad alluvial plains, cut through by strange, unresting rivers of loops and basins. With the ebb, these tidal rivers empty and become wide red gashes in the earth, with a mere trickle of water in the bottom. With the flood, they fill swiftly from bank to bank, the current boiling, or the “bore” sweeping up, a wall of turbulent roaring water. Outlining their banks run the restraining dykes, low green earthworks which French peasants began to build three centuries ago. For so long the field thus reclaimed have been cropped of their hay, and are still as rich as ever. On the Fundy side is the lovely Annapolis Valley, running lengthwise the province, between the North Mountain, and the South, a sheltered, well-watered land of wealthy farms and thriving orchards. In spring it is, “a hundred miles of apple blossom,” in Grant’s memorable phrase; in autumn, when the branches bend to the earth with golden-rosy fruit, it rivals the fabled Gardens of the Hesperides. Nova Scotia is rich in valleys, but the Valley of the Annapolis is queen over all.

The traveller in search of the picturesque

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finds Cape Breton most satisfying. As Walpole records, the Duke of Newcastle was surprised and delighted to discover that Cape Breton was an island, and still the tourist feels the freshness of this geographical fact. It is an extraordinary island, reversing the school-book definition, for it is land almost surrounding a quantity of water. The lake of the Golden Arm almost cleaves it into two islands; Haulover isthmus at the southern end, where Nicholas Denys built his fort, is barely half a mile across. This conformation provides great spaces of steep wooded hills overlooking broad stretches of water, and those who have seen both compare it with the Western Highlands of Scotland. The Cape Bretoners are largely Highland, with racial characteristics unchanged, and they "have the Gaelic." There is a famous Gaelic "sacrament" celebrated yearly "under the wide and open sky." It is a land of bards; native poets compose songs as they did in the days of Ossian. You may hear the pathetic "Fhir a bhata" which Black celebrated in his novels, and in some remote farmhouse you may chance on a rusty dirk or claymore that was out in the "Forty-five."

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The riches of the mine are ours, four hundred square miles of coal-seam below coal-seam, the wealth of the orchard, and the harvest of the sea. But our chief possession is in men. A sea-faring people, a race living by the ocean must have advantages over a land-locked breed. The man who builds his ship and sails her to foreign ports, who trades with far-off countries, who faces storm and wreck for his livelihood, must, of necessity, have a stronger soul, a broader outlook on life and nature than the man who keeps a shop, or tills the peaceful inland fields. Nova Scotia is proud of the men she breeds. Good reason has she to be proud of her living sons; but she holds even dearer the memory of her dead. Every town, every county cherishes traditions of its first settlers; its old families; the pioneer missionary; the minister who gave half his scanty income to redeem the slave; the adventurous sea-captain whose life reads like one of Smollett's novels; the projector who settled half a country; the fervid evangelist who stirred all souls; the founder of the first academy; the rebel who resisted the insolence of office; the loyalist who lost all for the flag. But one man

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towers above all the rest. Nova Scotia has one hero and one authentic hero-worship. His effigy in bronze stands beside the very Province House in which many of his triumphs were won; but he hardly needs such a monument. He lives in the communal memory. Still old men may be found whose faces brighten when they recall how once they held "Joe" Howe's horse, or carried his letters to him. To this day, his enigmatic character is matter for warm debate. No man born in our country ever won such affection as our faulty, great-hearted Tribune of the Plebs. The sons of those who stoned him built his sepulchre.

Nova Scotia has given one far-known name to literature,—Haliburton. The first man to bridge the Atlantic with a steam ferry was Samuel Cunard, a Halifax merchant. A great fleet bears his name. A single county has given Canada six college presidents; Dawson to McGill; Grant and Gordon to Queen's; Ross, Forrest and Mackenzie to Dalhousie. Nova Scotia has a bead-roll of worthies her sister provinces will find hard to match. Nova Scotia had the first newspaper, the first legislature, the first university, the first provincial history,

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the first famous writer, the first literary movement in what is now Canada; and this primacy must needs be secure for all time.

War has always had special import for Nova Scotia; the province was nursed and bred in war. For a century it was bandied like a ball between France and England,—taken, ceded, surrendered, captured again. For nearly half a century it was held for England by the officers of a forgotten regiment. For a hundred and seventy years, the provincial capital was a naval base and a garrison town, where huge armaments assembled for use in world-wide campaigns. Nova Scotians have fought for England in war after war, by sea and land, and have won fame on battle-fields under distant, alien skies. With such traditions, it is not strange that Nova Scotia sent her sons by thousands across the sea to the World War and by thousands they remained, asleep on the bed of honour. For them every hamlet and countryside knew pride and sorrow. But they will never be forgotten. On every hand arise pillars of remembrance. Between the two capes, the Lamp of Memory burns with new oil, and, by that immortal beacon, the soul of the ancient province will ever be cheered and guided.

II

Storied Halifax

II

Storied Halifax

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth;
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie;
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I.

The Song of the Cities.



F course, if history is a sealed book to you, and if you have no imagination, you may visit Westminster Abbey, the Forum, the Acropolis, the Holy City itself, and remain unmoved. So, as a hasty tourist, you may dash through Halifax, and put yourself on record as having seen only a certain number of buildings much in need of paint and the scrubbing-brush. In fact, more than one sapient traveller has done so; but Halifax is like Wordsworth's poet; you must love her, ere to you she will seem worthy of your love. Perhaps the unwavering devotion of half a life-time may be considered as giving the present writer some title to discourse upon those attractions of our old gray city by the sea, which must ever remain hidden from the casual eye.

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One feature must be plain even to the least observant, the unmatched magnificence of the setting. "Beautiful for situation"—the phrase of the Psalmist for his sacred city fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great land-locked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right extends the long fiord we call the "Arm"; on her left is a second inner haven twenty miles in circuit called Bedford Basin. The centre is the hill crowned with a huge star-shaped citadel, built to repel an enemy that never came. From this point of vantage, you can see how the peaceful roofs huddle close around the base of the protecting stronghold, and how the dark blue water washes all sides of the triangular peninsula on which the city stands. No town in Canada has a finer park or more delightful walks and drives so near at hand, or such ample, accessible play-grounds for the health and diversion of its people. Look where you will, towards whatever point of the compass, at whatever season of the year, from the walk round the citadel moat, and

Straight the eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures.

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Haligonians are firmly persuaded in their own minds that nowhere else in the wide world are sky and water more deliciously blue than over and about their beloved city. As I have heard with my own ears a true-born Irishman confess that the harbour was bluer than Dublin Bay, perhaps they are not so far wrong.

Thus much, anyone, even the wayfaring man, though a fool, can see for himself. My pleasing task is to reveal what remains secret to the eye of sense.

That blue harbour saw the poor remnant of D'Anville's shattered armada creeping in to the last act of its tragedy. It was alive with the sails of Saunders and Boscawen. It has floated every flag and every fashion of craft from eighteenth century privateers to Southern blockade-runners and the steel leviathans of modern war and commerce. Every spot has its story. On George's Island the first settlers landed; there Acadian prisoners were confined. At Mauger's Beach once dangled in chains the six mutineers of the *Columbine*, while the body of Jordan the pirate swung on the opposite side of the harbour. By the Eastern Passage, the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee* made her fa-

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mous escape. The little square graveyard on MacNab's reminds the spectator how Dr. Slayter laid down his life in service on the cholera-stricken emigrants of the *England*. Thrum Cap recalls the tragedy of *La Tribune*. On Sunday, June 6, 1813, two frigates came slowly up the harbour, with their scuppers running red, as the sailors swabbed the decks. They were the little, weather-beaten *Shannon* and her big, handsome prize the *Chesapeake*, after their historic duel six days before off Boston light-house. There was great rejoicing in Halifax that day.

Beneath the modern city of the twentieth century an ancient city lies buried. Up and down these time-worn thoroughfares have passed thousands of dead men, sailors, soldiers, citizens great and small, empire-builders in their way. They did their work and they took their wages. Sometimes they seem to the historic sense more real and living than those who tread the pavements to-day. Once the sedan-chair was carried where the motor glares and hoots.

Halifax is a fiat city: it owes its existence to a military necessity. It was built and first settled by men from disbanded regi-

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ments and paid-off ships, which had been fighting the nation's chivalrous battles in defence of Maria Theresa's queenly right. There were mariners from Vernon's ships that captured Porto Bello, and soldiers who had fought at Fontenoy. For a century and a half, Halifax was a garrison town and a naval station; and, on its history, the pageantry of war has left its ineffaceable mark.

It does not matter where you turn, the suggestion of the place begins to work at once. Here in the centre of the town is the "Grand Parade", just where it always has been, since the pig-tailed axe-men of Cornwallis hewed it out of the spruce forest, in the Year of Grace, 1749. Halifax was then a rude encampment of log-huts, ruled by a British colonel, and defended against the French and Indians by a line of palisades and an abattis of felled trees running between five block-houses, as Jeffrey's chart declares. Before the town was three months old, the Indians waylaid and killed four soldiers out of a party of six cutting wood on the Dartmouth side. For ten years or more, it was as much as a man's life was worth to stray outside the pickets. But in that de-

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cade, the town grew. Short's drawings show that the parish church had been built, as well as not a few substantial houses of a design still to be seen in the older streets. The Grand Parade is clear, if not level, and four companies of Foot are drilling on it, with halberdiers, field guns and a bell-of-arms. Almost every marching regiment on the Army List has, at one time or another, lain in Halifax barracks, and has been put through its facings on this small plot of ground. Here the earliest provincial statutes were published, by being read aloud by the provost-marshal, after summons by tuck of drum. In the olden days the impressive ceremony of guard mounting took place here every morning, with the troop and salute before relieving. When the Imperial garrison was withdrawn, and Canada took over their duties, the band of the R. C. R. used to play here on Saturday mornings, a last flash of ancient military ritual, which once brightened this historic spot with the bravery of martial scarlet and gold.

At the north-east corner of the Parade, sedan-chairs could once be had for hire. They were advertised in the same paper with hair-powder (plain and scented), and

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pomatum. Those three things bring up the whole eighteenth century. Once, when Halifax was hard pressed for provisions, the governor commandeered the hair-powder—it was simply flour—to make bread.

At the southern end of the Parade stands the old parish church of St. Paul's, the oldest Protestant church in Canada, just where it has stood for more than a century and a half. It is essentially a London church of the eighteenth century such as Hogarth drew, and Sir Roger de Coverley rejoiced to see rising outside the City. It boasts a Royal foundation. Its walls are covered with marbles and brasses inscribed with the history of our old families. Two monuments come from the studios of Chantrey and Gibson. The tablet to gallant captain Evans is a memorial of the most important naval action ever fought in our coastal waters. The King of France had a picture painted by Rossel to commemorate the battle as a French victory, and the picture was engraved by Deguevauviller. Another tablet has been erected to the memory of Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stony Creek. The old church has seen strange sights in its time,—a congregation of Micmacs hearing

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service in their own wild tongue, a whole battalion of Hessians receiving the communion at one time, pompous weddings, christenings, funerals, processions. Round the gallery hang the hatchments of forgotten worthies, rich in armorial devices. The communion plate dates from the time of Queen Anne.

Once upon a time, the church was balanced by a college at the other end of the Parade. It was a plain, solid, dignified Georgian edifice like Province House and Government House. Few institutions of learning began more auspiciously. The corner-stone was laid by a Royal governor, with imposing ceremony. With colours flying, and music playing, the red-coats made a lane from Government House to the Parade, through which passed in stately procession His Excellency with his glittering staff, the civic magistrates, dignitaries of all sorts, officers of the army and navy, citizens. The Grand Master of the Free Masons had his part. Prayers were said, the stone was lowered into its place and duly tapped with a silver trowel. The same tool was used a century later by Prince Charming in laying the corner-stone of

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Shirreff Hall at Studley. Thus was Dalhousie College publicly instituted, May 22, 1820. For years it served all sorts of purposes save that for which it was designed. A museum, a debating club, a mechanics' institute, a postoffice, an infant school, a painting club, and a pastry-cook's establishment all found shelter at different times under this complaisantly hospitable roof. In the dire year 1834, it was turned into a cholera hospital. In time it was used for its proper purpose, and the early students are thought to have sported the Scottish gown of flaming scarlet, now seen only at St. Andrew's.

Westward of the Parade, half way up the steep glacis stands the quaint clock-tower built, saith Dame Rumour, not quite correctly, by the Duke of Kent, to remind Haligonians of the exact time of day. His office at headquarters, the same trusty gossip reporteth, was full of all varieties of clocks, watches, time-pieces, chronometers, horologes, sun-dials, hour-glasses, for the encouragement of punctuality in all and sundry with whom he had to do, both military and civilians. In truth, His Royal Highness was a martinet formed in the hard old

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Prussian school, and a rigorous enforcer of discipline. When he took his final leave of Halifax in 1800, he left eleven poor fellows under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion. Eight were reprieved under the gallows, and three were hanged on it by the neck until they were dead.

Altogether the Duke of Kent resided in Halifax for six years as Commander of the Forces, and this period is justly regarded as our Age of Gold. They were very splendid and jolly days, but I am afraid they were also exceedingly improper. Old Halifax was in truth, an eighteenth century garrison town with morals to match. In those good old times, the army and navy were not exactly convent schools, and the city itself was perilously rich. The invincible British Navy swept the merchantmen of our enemies off the seas; lawful prizes came in almost daily, and the stream of guineas flowed like water. Privateering was a most profitable form of speculation. Fortunes were made rapidly and kept as well as made. The generous hospitality of the old-time Halifax merchants was famous. In such a community the Prince was the social centre; he set the example, and the pace. His por-

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trait by Weaver in the Legislative Library shows him young, slim, and not ill-looking in his Fusilier uniform; but he was the Prince of the Creevy Papers and of Shelley's fierce invective—"the dregs of their dull race." In the fulsome address of welcome, he was hailed as a second Cæsar, because he had been campaigning in Martinique. From that same famous island, the home of Napoleon's empress, he brought in his train a beautiful and charming French lady, Madame de Saint Laurent. Over his household she presided, and respectable Halifax, with the Bishop's lady at their head, had to call upon her. Some families refused to do so, and there was a black mark set against their names. Even after the Duke left Halifax, they were never invited to Government House.

Preferring the country to the city, the Duke lived during the greater part of his reign at Friar Lawrence's Cell, the fine place of Sir John Wentworth on the shores of the Basin, now known as Prince's Lodge. All that remains of its splendour is the rotunda where the band used to play on gala days. The ruins inspired the finest page of Haliburton's prose. Years before the Duke's

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time, good Mr. MacGregor and saintly Henry Alleyne gave their testimony as to the moral condition of the city. To them it was the City of Destruction. No doubt the moralist had cause to shake his head. At the same time, the balls, parties, levees, dinners, the Sunday reviews and races on the Common, the illuminations for great victories by sea and land, the feasting, the fighting, the raids of the press-gang, the constant military bustle of the streets, the coming and going of swift ships in the harbour, the wealthy prizes sold at the wharf head filled this demure old town with brilliant, stirring spectacle, down to the dramatic close of the Napoleonic wars.

Halifax was founded as a military necessity. It has been a pivotal point in four great wars, and in each it has prospered exceedingly.

At the bee-hive like portal of the Citadel stand two muzzled mortars, which were used at the siege of Louisbourg, when it fell before the genius of Wolfe. Though mute now for ever, they speak by their silence of great deeds done. Another reminder of

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that same feat of arms is the hotel beside St. Paul's. When Pitt's sappers and miners blew the great ramparts of Louisbourg into the moat, Mr. Secretary Bulkeley, Irish gentleman, quondam dragoon officer and King's messenger got him a ship-load of the good cut stone to build this mansion. Bulkley was a character, a little man of many accomplishments, an excellent chess-player, a bold rider, and a draughtsman of no mean skill. He was the right hand of Cornwallis in founding the city, and for half a century, he managed it, and the Province, and the successive governors, as they came, a quiet, tactful, efficient power behind the throne. His hospitality was famous. His dining-room with the black marble mantel-place was the scene of splendid entertainment for foreign grandees and Princes of the Blood.

George Street traverses the Parade and runs down to the market wharf. A fanciful view of Halifax "from ye topmast head," published in London six months after its foundation, shows the waterside decorated with a gallows and a pillory. Perhaps the gallows was imaginary. When Peter Cartel was hanged for stabbing Abram Good-sides, boatswain's mate of the *Beaufort*

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transport, tradition says he was hanged on a tree. I have talked to an old Halifax lady, who remembered, as a child being hurried by her nurse past the pillory, where an old man stood to be pelted by the ragamuffins of the town. When the poor-house was built, the estimates provided for a whipping-post. Pirates and mutineers were hanged in chains. Sailors were flogged round the fleet, and soldiers in the barrack square. One old Haligonian remembered seeing a sailor lifted over the side of his ship in his hammock after such a flogging. He died five days later. Another remembered, as a boy, seeing soldiers' wives crying outside the gate of the Glacis Barracks, while their husbands were being torn with the cat, inside. Thieves were branded with hot irons. These were usual punishments in the good old times.

When Cornwallis came first, he held council in the cabin of the *Beaufort*, round the long, low oaken table which is still to be seen in the ante-room of the Council Chamber. By the middle of October, 1749, there was ready for him a small one storey building, the frame of which came from Boston. Eight or nine years later, it had given place

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to the rather fine two-storey building to be seen in Short's plate, with a sentry-box at the gate, and an original British Grenadier mounting guard. This was the Governor's official residence, and often the scene of deep wassail in the olden time. The present Province House dates from 1811, and cost 52,000 pounds sterling, a vast sum for those days. Government House was begun in 1800 and "rendered habitable" some five years later. Both are noble monuments of provincial pride and provincial wealth.

The Province House is the architect's joy, and Halifax artists have drawn it with affection. From the massive arches of the foundation to the Adam stucco of the old fireplaces, it well repays study. For simple dignity, it is hard to find a building surpassing our House of Parliament. The Assembly is still opened with impressive ceremony. The gravelled court-yard within the tall iron railing is filled before three o'clock by the guard of honour, with the regimental colours and the band. The Lieutenant-Governor drives up under the thunder of a salute from the Citadel. Before entering, our ruler pauses on the low platform before the doorway, the band plays the National Anthem,

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and the soldiery present arms. In January, 1842, no less a person than Charles Dickens, passenger in the Cunarder *America* was present at the opening of the House. He records it was "like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of the telescope."

Our local House of Lords deliberates in a magnificent chamber, which so far has escaped the hand of the spoiler. It is also the provincial Valhalla or Westminster Abbey, containing portraits of Nova Scotia's distinguished sons. Though some are no more than enlarged and colored photographs, they form a valuable record. Here is Haliburton, the inventor of Sam Slick. Here is Sir Fenwick Williams, whose brilliant defence of Kars almost redeems the tragic muddle of the Crimea. Here is "Jack" Inglis of the Rifles, who held Lucknow during the darkest days of the Great Mutiny. Until recently it contained a Benjamin West, a portrait of Chief Justice Strange in his scarlet robes. There are full length portraits of George II and George III, with their resplendent queens.

The Legislative Library is another quaint chamber with its alcoves, and gallery, and huge Palladian window facing east. Here

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is preserved the *North Atlantic Neptune*, the very charts once owned and used by Nelson himself. Before the ceiling was lowered, this was the court-room. The first man to be tried in it was Richard John Uniacke for the fatal duel in which he shot and killed William Bowie at the north government farm near the Lady Hammond Road. An old lady of my acquaintance remembered the seconds coming in the early morning for pillows to put in the carriage, which was to convey the wounded man to his home. Uniacke entered the court-room leaning on the arm of his father, the Attorney-General, an aged giant of a man dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, and carrying a seven-foot staff in his hand. He made a little speech to the jury; it was in the days of the code; and no jury would convict a gentleman for his part in an affair of honor. Here too were tried the wretched pirates of the barque *Saladin* for their sordid crime. On the 2nd of March, 1835, Howe was tried in this room for libelling the magistrates of Halifax. For five hours, these walls rang with the eloquence, which not only assured the triumph of his acquittal, but revealed to himself, and to Nova Scotia, his unrivalled

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power of the tongue. Here hang the portraits of the Duke of Kent, in uniform, and of such distinguished Nova Scotians as Samuel Cunard, founder of the great steamship line, and of Sir Provo Wallis, who commanded the *Shannon* after his senior officers fell, and who rose to be Admiral of the Fleet. The treasure of the collection is a fine Hoppner, a portrait of Dr. Hoffmann.

All this does not begin to exhaust the historic significance of Halifax. I have only walked, in fancy, down one short street and pointed to three or four old buildings, closely bound up with our civic life. The associations of other churches, the cemeteries, the forts, the streets, the monuments, the environs, the public buildings, the Dock Yard, the personalities and achievements of Hali-gonians, the share of Halifax in four great wars, civic feats and legends and anecdotes, I must leave untouched. My theme is well nigh inexhaustible. I have no more than hinted at the mines of interest in the storied past of the gray old city by the sea.

III

Ab Urbe Condita

III

Ab Urbe Condita



Men of English blood all the world over are accustomed to feel and give voice to a just pride in the achievements of their race, as a colonising power, wherever ship could sail. They hear much after-dinner eloquence about the stubborn will, the indomitable energy so displayed, without always attaching much significance to the sounding phrases. To give them meaning, we must take a concrete example of the "will", etc., at work; and the nearer home the better. Haligonians have not far to seek for an instance. No plainer case exists of a colony's success depending on the personality of the founder than the founding of their own city. It was no easy or agreeable task; but the sterling manhood of the first governor proved itself sufficient to the trying duties laid upon it. In the face of almost every conceivable difficulty, he triumphantly brought order out of chaos and left a city where he found a houseless forest. And yet,

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from that day to this, his merits have never been fully recognised.

The problem before him was the reverse of simple. A few of its many factors were, —a city to found, site to be selected, streets surveyed, houses, wharves, stockades built. There were three thousand settlers to be landed, fed, sheltered, kept in hand. The land must be fairly divided among them, civil government established, courts of law set up. There was a large hostile population to conciliate or overawe, and a native race, whose cruelty and cunning were a proverb, continually to guard against. The place was sure to be an eyesore to the French and they might be relied on to hinder the growth of the colony in every possible way. All this was to be foreseen and a reasonable man might know what to prepare for. But how could a merely human governor foresee that one of his first public acts would be to act as judge in a trial for murder; that his right hand man in the council should be shot down by the French, under a flag of truce; that the settlers would mutiny, trade with the enemy and desert; that the plague should fall upon them; that men who profited most by the colony's existence would

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seek to ruin it; that the authorities at home should find fault with him, delay his supplies, and listen to his enemies? These formed only a small part of the troubles and anxieties which beset the leader of this enterprise. At first, its success was by no means assured; far from it. Not once or twice within even the first six months of its history, this new venture might have ended in ruin, if its management had been in hands only a little less firm and ready than those of the Honourable Edward Cornwallis. That Halifax was not a forgotten failure, a second Darien is due to its first governor.

At first sight he does not seem specially fitted for the post. The younger son of a noble family, now extinct, which has left its mark on the history of India and America, he entered the army and in the course of seven years became Colonel of Foot. For a few months before coming to Nova Scotia, he had been a member of parliament; experience of little value, one would think, as preparation for city-building and the planting of colonies. Besides he was young, barely thirty-seven, and he had everything to learn about the new country.

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On the other hand, there is that about him which impresses competent judges of character. Wolfe speaks of his "approved courage and fidelity"; and Horace Walpole regards him as "a brave, sensible young man of great temper and good nature." He also has the good word of Parkman, who necessarily must devote some space to his work as an incident in the history he helped to make. As a hero, he is not perfect. He has a hot temper easily roused, (Parkman read "good" for "great" a few pages beyond the above quotation) he was inclined to be high-handed and over-bearing, and when he struck, he struck hard. Some of his transactions, from sheer lack of business training, were irregular; and his method of raising money for a lighthouse at Sambro by means of a lottery, does not commend itself to modern judgment. But he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the welfare of the colony till he broke his health in its service. With him, honour was a scruple. If his fiery temper flashed out, it was at Indian outrage or French treachery, or at the slightest suspicion of crooked dealing in himself or those about him. He is a true patriot. To further the interests of his

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country, to increase her prestige, to guard her rights is his single, undivided aim. His sense of duty and dogged persistence in doing it, no matter how unpleasant, mark him as an unusual man in those shameless days of jobbery and corruption. All these traits of character are plainly visible in his dispatches, for there emphatically the style is the man. It is as far removed as possible from the dignified eighteenth-century official mode of communication. The tone is outspoken, frankly abrupt, he has nothing to conceal. I wonder if His Grace the Duke of Bedford had many correspondents who began their letters in this off-hand fashion,

“My Lord—

The French have begun their usual game.” The page bristles with informal don’ts,” “can’ts,” “won’ts.” The short jerky sentences are crowded together without capitals or marks of punctuation, and the rules of the grammarian are over-ridden as roughly as if they were the wishes of mutinous Acadians. When he takes to metaphors, he becomes confusing, as when he tells the Lords of Plantation that they have “a secret, I fear inveterate enemy preying upon your Bowels masked, but rotten at

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bottom." The writer was too full of business, too hurried and impatient to take note of these things. If he stated plain facts in the same straightforward way as he spoke, the bigwigs and their clerks in their comfortable offices at home might take the time to puzzle them out. He never beats about the bush. If he thinks Gorham no officer, or Mauger a smuggler, or Le Loutre "a good-for-nothing scoundrel" he says so without the slightest hesitation. Some energetic phrases, such as "I wish to God", seem by their frequent use to have been characteristic and reveal the testy temper behind them. As a consequence of all this, his dispatches are anything but dull reading.

The first of these bears the date of June 22nd, 1749. The day before the swift sailing sloop of war *Sphinx* with the governor and suite on board, came to anchor in Chebucto Harbour. The transports lagged behind, did not all arrive till the end of the month, but the governor was not idle on that account. At once he begins exploring; and before twenty-four hours have passed, he is able to inform the Secretary of State that he has "been ashore in several places," but has "seen but few Brooks," nor "as yet found

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the navigable river that has been talked of.” This first day of the governor’s activity, old-style Haligonians hold sacred to this present Year of Grace, although they are not Russians and in no other respect twelve days behind the rest of the world. This first dispatch is memorable for another statement which Haligonians will never willingly let die; to wit, “all the officers agree the harbour is the finest they have ever seen.” And the statement is repeated in the next two letters, in even stronger terms. His Excellency was perfectly right. All subsequent officers, whether in blue jackets or red, have concurred in this opinion of the earliest; and from that day to this, the good Haligonian has never seen the sun rise and set without reminding himself or someone else of this all-important fact. At times he even assumes proprietary airs, as if he put the harbour there and felt himself entirely responsible for its continuance. No one ever audibly objects, for the truth prevails, it *is* a fine harbour, and fools who come to scoff remain to admire. The same part of the governor’s letters gives his first impressions of what he has seen. “The Country is one continual Wood, no

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clear spot to be seen or heard of.—the underwood is only young trees so that with difficulty one might walk thro' any of them; D'Anvilles fleet have only cut wood for present use but cleared no ground, they encamped their men upon the Beach." This extract, which gives a fair idea of his epistolary style, is near the end of the dispatch. From the first part it is clear that his troubles began as soon as he came to land.

One condition of his problem was all that could be desired. He had not bad weather to contend with. Arriving late, after the rains and raw east winds of the dour Halifax spring were past, the Governor and his young colony found themselves in one of those rare Nova Scotia summers which deserve to be called perfect, sunny, warm, temperate, the sort of summer that may last until nearly Christmas and finds its culmination in that month of months,—September. One enthusiastic settler writing home at the beginning of December declares, "The summer was beautiful beyond description." Jefferys has caught the spirit and atmosphere of this transaction in his historical picture, which, translated into popular form will teach generations of

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young Canadians what a labour it was to found this city. The men at work on the log houses, the rising fortifications, the spruce-clothed shoulder of hill, the head of a detail marching up the slope, the unobtrusive rum kegs, and the redcoat, walking up and down in a smart and soldierly manner are all true to the historic fact. Moreover, the artist has contrived to bring the summer into his picture; it is full "of light and laughing air." He has enmeshed a typical June day in Halifax.

Cornwallis found this difficult situation awaiting him. Louisbourg has been given back to France, but the English garrison cannot make room for the new owners because they are without a single ship to carry them away. The French wish them at—Halifax, where by rights they should be, to co-operate with Cornwallis on his arrival. But the government has sent no transports and Hopson, the commander, is at his wits' end. A sloop from him reaches Chebucto this 22nd of June and Cornwallis learns, much to his surprise, that he is expected to fetch the men who should have been waiting for him at the rendezvous. Here is a hitch, the first of many misunderstandings.

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There is need of haste, for both the outgoing and the in-coming garrison are impatient. Cornwallis does at once what he should have done. He promptly takes upon himself the responsibility which the Louisbourg council-of-war shirked. His own transports are not in sight, he had no notion what state they will be in when they arrive, and so he sends to Boston to hire ships there. By the sixth of July, four transports, *London*, *Winchelsea*, *Wilmington*, and *Merry Jacks* had landed a thousand settlers on George's Island, where the energetic governor has already a guard and storehouses. These vessels are quite ready to put to sea again, and, with the first fair wind, set sail for Louisbourg, while a sloop is dispatched to Boston to countermand the first order. Luckily only one ship has started, but the mere negotiation for the others costs money. This is one of the ways in which the £40,000 granted by the British Parliament to keep the colony a year, was spent, and helps to explain why Nova Scotia was deep in debt before the next supplies were voted. It was a perfectly unforeseen contingency, the result of mismanagement at home. But there was more to come. To make the muddle

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complete, Hopson tired of waiting, acted on *his* responsibility and hired the French transports before the English ships could arrive. Before long, men and stores of all kinds begin to pour in from Louisbourg, the latter in enormous quantities, and Cornwallis has no room to bestow them. Much is sent on to Annapolis, but the relief is not complete. "There are more provisions come from Louisbourg," writes the governor, "than all Mr. Townshend has sent"; that is, more than enough to victual three thousand persons for a year. It is necessary to stop the work on the town, to run up sufficient stores and sheds. Worst of all, Cornwallis has these unwelcome French on his hands; and, as soon as possible, their ships are unloaded and they are packed off before they can spy out the nakedness of the land. A year after, there is wrangling over who is to foot Hopson's bill for transport hire, the colony or the home government.

Long before this, the thirteen transports had reached port. Of all their passengers only one had died on the long, rough voyage, and that was somebody's child. Thanks to the humane care of the Lords Commis-

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sioners for Trade and Plantation, the ships had been fitted with ventilators, then a new idea and the result was most gratifying. The expedition was evidently well managed. Very different is the tale of the poor German emigrants procured by the unscrupulous Mr. Dick of Rotterdam at a guinea a head. They were taken out of the ships to die, many of them, on Dartmouth beach. One of the first benevolent institutions in Halifax was the orphanage, from which boys were apprenticed to fishermen. From one ship there were fourteen helpless children to be cared for, whose parents had either died on the voyage or soon after reaching port. Even now with all our modern improvements and rapid transit, the steerage is a horror. The mind can hardly conceive the darkness, the filth and the suffering of 'tween decks in the old wooden ships of the last century, when it was a short voyage that lasted only a month.

Before the city can be built, a place must be found for it, and on the governor devolves the responsibility of selecting the site. It is not easy to make choice. Knowles and Durell, the engineers, had recommended the high bluff overlooking Bedford Basin,

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where the city prison now stands above the little hamlet of negro huts; and that the Narrows be fortified. But this plan Cornwallis rejects, for good reason. The place is "too far up for the Fishermen and would leave the Harbour open to an Enemy without Defence." With a soldier's eye, his Excellency sees that the forts to defend the harbour "must be at Sandwich Point and opposite to it, with a battery on George's Island." A century and a half of military engineering has not improved on Cornwallis's plan; and to-day the lines of big guns guard the harbor precisely at the points he indicated. Long after the town was built, his council was still of the opinion that it should have stood on the Dartmouth side. But as that position could be commanded from the higher ground opposite, Cornwallis would not consider it. The present site was the fourth choice. Before pitching upon it, the settlers actually broke ground for the town in what is now our beautiful park. "From seeing the Plan only," writes the governor, "one would be apt to choose Sandwich Point as the best situation for a town, being very defencible and having the advantage of Sandwich River navigable a

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great way, this was the general opinion at first, and they began to clear there the first day they worked, but upon examination we found the strongest objections against it—that shoal off the point which makes it very convenient for a Fort, would be extremely dangerous so near a town—tis so shallow that a Cable's length from the shore, small boats strike upon the rocks, besides it was evident from the Beach, that a Prodigious Sea must come in there in Winter," and so on, enumerating the disadvantages we all know the spot possesses. "The situation I have chosen has all the conveniences I could wish except a fresh Water River. Tis upon the side of a rising ground that commands the whole peninsula and will shelter the town from the N. W. winds; the Beach is all along fine gravel, convenient for small boats, and the anchorage good everywhere within Gun shot of the shore for the largest ships." And so, the city stands to-day where one man decided that it should stand. Time has approved the wisdom of his choice; and now when England's empire depends on her fleet, and her fleet depends on her coaling-sta-

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tions, the city Cornwallis founded is more valuable to the mother country than ever.

But the French had no intention of watching a mine dug beneath their feet, without attempting a counter-sap. Hardly has Cornwallis been a fortnight in the country, when he hears that they have had the impertinence to begin a fort at the mouth of the St. John river, clearly a breach of treaty. The very next day, the *Albany* and a second sloop are on their way to Annapolis for fighting men and warlike stores. The commander of the little expedition is the dashing John Rous, an old Boston privateer-man, who had been made captain in the Royal Navy for his brilliant successes against these very Frenchmen. To teach them that they cannot make and break treaties with impunity, and that the new English governor is not to be trifled with, Rous carries with him a very tart letter of instructions. He is to inspect himself "what works are carrying on—and prevent their making further progress therein, or demolish them," as his own prudence shall direct. He is also to hand the enclosed Declaration to the Commander of Fort St. John "(if any one has *dared* to assume that title)"

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puts in the fiery governor in parenthetical dashes that look like sabre-cuts. Presently Mr. Howe comes back overland, along the cow-path that runs through the forest from Minas, in company with thirteen Indian deputies who came to make peace for their tribes with the new war-chief of the English at Chebucto. Howe's news is that no works were to be seen except the old dismantled forts, but that the French were on the ground, and had acted in a defiant manner. They "came directly opposite the *Albany* and planted their colours within Musket Shot." A parley ensued. The white flag with the royal lilies of France could do no one any bodily harm; but it offended the eyes of Captain Rous. Accordingly he "sent Mr. Howe to order them to strike their Colours—the Officers made great difficulty and many apologies. Capt. Howe answered he did not come to reason the matter but to order it to be done, that he could not answer for the consequence if it was not done immediately—The Officer begged him to propose to Capt. Rous to allow him to march back with colours flying and he would return next day without them—Mr. Howe carried the message to Capt. Rous—Capt.

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Rous repeated the order that the Colours should be struck that instant which was accordingly done." This is only the beginning of trouble with the French. But Cornwallis is full of plans to checkmate them. To bridle the Acadians and show them that "we can either defend or master them," a blockhouse is to be built at the Minas settlement and garrisoned for the winter, by troops from Annapolis, while a sloop-of-war is to lie in Minas Basin, to prevent all "correspondence" with the enemy. For the accommodation of travellers, a blockhouse is to be built in the forest, halfway to Minas. "It is not easy to know the designs of *these* French," writes John Bull Cornwallis; but whatever they may be he does not mean to be caught napping.

One of the designs was executed upon poor Howe the very next year. With Colonel Mascarene he had come up from Annapolis, on July 12, to form the new council. The next day Cornwallis opened his commission in their presence and administered the usual oaths. One of them dates from the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King Charles the Second, and is intended to prevent "dangers which may happen from

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Popish Recusants," and another is "for extinguishing the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales and his open and secret abettors." That is, no Catholic or Jacobite could hold office in any part of the British dominions. Howe was neither, but an experienced soldier who had served the province in more ways than one. He had been a member of the old council, and two years before had been severely wounded in the bloody surprise of Noble by Coulon de Villiers at Minas, had been paroled and afterwards exchanged. He knew a great deal about the Indians, and was able to bring in the sachems of St. John to renew the old treaty of 1726. With his party, he reached Halifax on Saturday, the 12th of August, and next day Cornwallis held one of his rare Sunday councils to decide upon a course of action. On Monday at ten, the wild Indians were brought before the council in the cabin of the *Beaufort*. It was probably the first time these children of the forest had set foot in such a big canoe. Howe acted as interpreter; and the interview was satisfactory. The governor ordered a parchment to be prepared for them to sign, and any one who looks into Akins' *Archives* may see

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what it was like. By its provisions, Johannes Pedousatigh and his friends renewed the promise of their forebears not to molest any of the King's subjects or the dependants in any of their settlements. Leaving the space for the seals vacant, each man draws his totem opposite his name, a turtle, or leaf, or leaping fish. Next Sunday they are sent back by ship, with presents, the treaty and Captain Howe to see to its ratification. So he goes up and down on various missions, till his fate brings him in 1750 to Fort Cumberland on the left bank of the Missaquash river. The ruins of the post can be seen from the car window as the train whirls by in the melancholy Fundy fog. The right bank is French territory and there also is a fort. Although their countries are at peace, French and English are jealously watching each other on the frontier. Howe's "whole aim and study," writes Cornwallis, "was to try at a peace with the Indians, and to get our prisoners out of their hands. For which purpose, he had frequent conferences with Le Loutre and French officers under a flag of truce." The rest of the story is soon told. Le Loutre, "clothed in an officer's regimentals, an Indian named Cope,

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whom I saw some years after at Miramachy," writes a French officer, "his hair curled, powdered and in a Bag and laying an ambuscade of Indians near to the Fort; he sent Cope to it, waving a white handkerchief in his hand, which was the usual sign for the admittance of the French into the English Fort having affairs with the commander of the Post. The major of the Fort, a worthy man and greatly beloved by all the French officers, taking him for a French officer, came out with his usual politeness to receive him. But he no sooner appeared than the Indians in ambush fired and killed him." The English knowing only the bare fact of the treacherous murder, could not but fix the blame upon the French. Cornwallis, in hot indignation, calls it "An instance of treachery and barbarity not paralleled in history." The loss of a man like Howe with his influence over the Indians, was very serious.

Great and many as the governor's difficulties from without, and I pass over his long struggle with the obstinacy of the mild Acadians and their fierce sheepdog, Le Loutre; they were less than those which sprang from the character of the settlers

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themselves. To manage the first Haligonians was no child's play. Like Carlyle, they were "gey ill to deal wi'," and even a man of the governor's self-command, fire, and readiness could not always bend them to his will. If our new army with its education and comforts, its healthy barracks and many amusements is a "helot army," what must the old have been? The men in the ranks were unlettered, neglected and debauched. In time of peace, they herded in unhealthy barracks, where between disease and drink, they died like sheep. Discipline was maintained by the cat and many a man died under the lash. Soldier meant ruffian all over Europe; and the British soldier of the period has been truthfully portrayed by Fielding and Hogarth. The one alleviation of his lot was rum. The sailor fared worse and was flogged oftener. Johnson knew what he was talking about when he said "A ship is worse than a jail. There is in a jail better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind." The jail he was thinking of was the one Howard had not reformed. Take several hundreds of these "King's hard bargains," just released from all control, and brutalised by war; set them

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down in a wild, new land with little to do and drink in plenty, and one need not be told what their conduct would be. There are so few Haligonians descended from our *Mayflower* list that the truth may be told regarding it. The very mess-books, mere official catalogues of names, reveal old scandals. Marriage certificates were scarcely asked for as the settlers came on board, but some simple mariners have one or two female servants in charge, who do not pretend to be married. The quantity of liquor consumed by the settlement is a surprise even in that hard-drinking age. In the spring of 1750 there are thirty persons paying a guinea a month for the privilege of selling rum, and there are besides forty convictions for selling without a license. And in a community for which beer was provided from the King's brewery at twopence a gallon. Month by month the regulations against unlicensed selling are made more strict, till the penalty amounted to a fine of £10 *and* thirty lashes; or, in default of the fine, three months in jail. The council book records that one man informed on himself. As half the fine went to the informer, he saved five pounds but got his lashing. There seems

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to be a humorous side to the transaction. The tiny garrison at Annapolis required five hundred pounds' worth of rum for its winter supply; and between July and December, 1749, the settlers at Halifax consumed 10,000 gallons of rum over and above their original liberal allowance. No wonder that the authorities begin to grumble and ask questions when they come to pay the bills!

Nor is direct testimony wanting as to the earliest settlers. One of Cornwallis's suite was a missionary, the Rev. William Tutty, late lecturer and curate of All Saints Parish in the town of Hertford. He was well recommended to the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and owed his position with the large stipend of £70 to the Bishop of Lincoln. The Rev. William had a love affair with some girl at home; or, as he puts it in his own beautiful language, "an honorable engagement to a deserving young woman whom I tenderly regard, and as I am satisfied our affections are reciprocal, I should rejoice were we but one family." Poor fellow! I fear he and his "deserving young woman" never formed "but one family." He speaks of a distressing pain in his side which the climate does

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not benefit, and after three years of exile, he went back to England to die. Deeply pious, broad-minded for the time, and clear-headed, the state and prospects of religion in his new charge filled him almost with despair. The settlers from Old England, except for a "few good men amongst them," are "a set of most abandoned wretches—so deeply sunk into almost all kinds of immorality that they scarce retain even the shadow of religion." The New Englanders who swarmed in to trade and settle, are little better, though they "make great pretensions to religion and having ye form of godliness—their notorious prevarication in all their commercial dealings" scandalises the mild spoken clergyman. In other letters he apologises for what he thinks strong language, but cannot truthfully modify or alter it. His colleague the Rev. William Anwyle is a parson of another stamp. He seems to have been a naval chaplain, who had knocked about the world a good deal, and the older man of the two. He is able to officiate in Welsh as well as English. This appears to be his sole qualification for the post. In fact he is one of those eighteenth century parsons, who made Wesley's

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revival most desirable, and whose immoral lives kept intelligent dissenters out of a church, with whose doctrines they could find no fault. Tutty can "say no good of him—Not one single part of his conduct shows the clergyman. His whole conversation—both his actions and expressions—bespeak rather the boatswain of a man of war than the minister of the Gospel of Christ." The dissenters and others complain of him, and the governor often says at table, that he must send him out of the colony. After a reprimand from Cornwallis, he goes off on a drinking bout which ends in a fit of sickness. All October and November, when the plague is striking down hundreds, he has been unfit for work, and his duty has been done by poor consumptive Tutty with the "extremely violent pain" in his side. Within three months he has drunk himself to death. Like priest, like people. And this is the material out of which Cornwallis has to make a solid barrier colony to French encroachment and conquest.

To his chaplain Tutty, Cornwallis is a hero. He is happy to live with him on board the *Beaufort*, not only because he is "the greatest man here—but the most agree-

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able. It is impossible to describe his conduct in the present situation; that affability, candour, mildness and moderation which distinguished him in England is still more conspicuous in Nova Scotia." His self command and great judgment seem specially admirable "in the midst of idleness, obstinacy and perverseness." To Mr. Tutty's classical imagination, Cornwallis, his secretary Davidson, and aide-de-camp Bulkley, are the triumvirate of Nova Scotia, an unselfish, large-minded triumvirate. "They have indeed met with many obstacles arising chiefly from the perverseness of the present settlers." Their "perverseness" comes out in many ways. Not a few landed in a state of destitution, "without shoes, stockings or shirts"; which must be supplied and paid for in work on the government stores. They expected help of all kinds, and in return were unwilling to stir hand or foot even in their own defence. Six weeks after the last transport came in, the town-site has been cleared, and the streets have been laid out, surveyed, and divided into lots. Before the latter are apportioned, the settlers are asked to give the town proper defences. But no, even at the high

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wages of one-and-six a day, they cannot be induced to take this measure for their common safety. The most they will do is to help the regulars to make a rough zereba of felled trees and brushwood, thirty feet outside the line of ten-foot double pickets, which joins in a rough pentagon five wooden redoubts or block-houses. Even this is not completed. Cornwallis has to wait till spring before he can get the works more in accord with his soldierly notions of fitness. In the winter, when the French threaten the city, the militia sentinels leave their posts to tipple. From the first, they deserted the settlement as often as the opportunity presented itself. None are allowed to leave without the governor's permission. Short handed captains must navigate their ships out of this port and to their destination, as best they may. They cannot fill up their forecastle with men whom the government has brought out and fed, for its own special ends. When the pestilence strikes the town in the autumn, the settlers will not give notice of death, or follow a corpse to the grave without the threat of fine and imprisonment. The pestilence is not an un-

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mixed evil, Mr. Tutty seems to think. It reduces the number of the perverse.

Till his house was built on shore, Cornwallis lived with his suite in the *Beaufort*, and held his councils there. One August day, the boatswain, Abraham Goodside had words with Peter Cartel at work on deck, near the transport's gangway; and at last struck him. Cartel stepped swiftly back a pace to give his blow more effect, and drove his knife home twice in Goodside's body. The man fell dead; and two of the bystanders who sprang to seize the murderer were wounded before he was secured. The same week he was tried in an empty shed, according to the forms of British law; and Cornwallis is anxious to impress upon the authorities at home that the wretch had a fair trial. Of his guilt there could be no question. He had short shrift and on the 2nd of September between ten of the clock and high noon, swung from the new gallows on the Beach, near the present market ferry. The execution had its effect; and in September, the governor is able to say, "Of late the Settlers, in general, behave very well, the Justices and Overseer do their duty, and I hear of no complaints, riots,

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mutiny or disobedience." In July he had written, "I don't despair of bringing things to order"; and now he had succeeded.

Such are a few incidents at the outset of his career. To give an adequate idea of Cornwallis's difficulties in his entire three years' term of office and the splendid spirit he displays in meeting them, would need many chapters. Boston merchants were hard at a bargain. In the governor's language, they had "been made rich by the public money and now wanton in their insolent demands." They enjoy a "monopoly of trade which enables them to distress and domineer." They are almost able to destroy "the life and credit of the colony." Halifax merchants persisted in their "cursed and pernicious trade" with Louisbourg; and at last a downright quarrel with the highly respectable Mr. Mauger on the subject, causes the governor much annoyance. The Lords of Trade, while generally giving him due praise and encouragement, haggled over his accounts, till the hot-headed colonel told them bluntly that "without money you could have had no Town—no Settlement and indeed no Settlers." They begrudged supplies, let his drafts be dishonoured, seemed

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to suspect his honesty. At the end of the summer, when it was well-nigh impossible to provide for them, shiploads of helpless, destitute Germans were added to the burdens of the struggling colony and of its governor. At last, the council minutes record that he is unable from indisposition to take his place at the board-head and must retire to his own room. His work was done. Urging his "but indifferent health," his ten years constant service, and the practical completion of his mission, he places his resignation in the hands of the Lords of Trade.

His career closed at Gibraltar, as Major-general and Governor of "The Rock." Thanks to the untiring energy of Clarence Webster, a portrait of *Fundator Noster* has been brought to light. Perhaps the artist has desired to flatter, but from the smooth, calm, young, aristocratic face, he has removed every trace of character. It is hard to believe that the impetuous Cornwallis of the despatches was behind this blank mask. The original should have its place in the city which his energy, uprightness and public spirit made possible. On laying down his office here, he wrote: "Did

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your Lordships consider the difficulties, the distresses and disappointments I have met with and struggled through? I should flatter myself you would rather pity and cherish than censure and discomfort." Whatever their Lordships may have done, no one who has followed his labours in giving England a new province, can resist this appeal.

IV

My Townswoman of the
Olden Time

IV

My Townswoman of the Olden Time



STRANGE thoughts flit across the brain of the book-worm, now and then. He lives among books, feeds upon them, grubs through them, slowly examines them inside and out, in his sluggish, vermicular way. A library is his world and he can be lost, as in an enchanted forest, between covers of a pleasant volume. With antique folios and quartos, he builds a citadel against care, and even duns cannot breach that paper barricade. He has his day-dreams too; and often muses on the faraway giants, whose heart-throes, long hours of toil, years of joyous or weary life, brought forth the books he loves. Their super-human shadows project themselves across his narrow horizon and he tries to look up to them. Once, in a fit of midsummer madness, the worm even attempted to raise his tiny body upright and do the work

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of a giant. "Go to, I will make a book," he said.

It was an audacious thought. The worm trembled at his own temerity. "That is too great a task," he said, "but I will at least plan it." And he began forthwith to amuse himself with the parallels, and dividers and drawing-pens of imagination. It was to be but a tiny tome, printed from curious types, with violet initials upon vellum, and daintily bound in folding covers of sea-green silk. The finest thoughts ever born of the worm's head-piece were to be cherished, hoarded and worked over—to be worthy of such a setting and such a theme. And what was his theme, pray? Nothing less than his fair towns-women from the earliest times to the present. It was not to be a poetry book—that is not for crawling things—but sober, lazy-pacing history. He aimed at nothing more than history; that would give the world a comprehensive view of the womanhood of an historic city by the sea, from its foundation to this very year, at the age's end. It was to be a book with a purpose; and the purpose was to show a world, to which beauty and happiness too rarely come, glimpses of these shy visitants from a higher, purer air. [84]

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The worm did not think of putting his name on the title page. That would be presumption. What is one worm more than another, that the mark which distinguishes him from his fellows should be set beside the suggestion of loveliness? No! dedication, preface and author's name were to be comprised in a single line, printed in the most delicate of italics under the title thus:

"The desire of the moth for the star."

Moth is second cousin to worm. Sometimes a mere grub falls asleep and in the time of roses and warm air is changed into a winged thing. There is hope, even for a worm. Chapter first was to be devoted to the prehistoric towns-woman, so to say. Long before the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies, under Mr. Washington, she figures in old prints, and is to be found animating the fore-ground by palisade, or glacis or battery. She was military, from the very first. In her straight and picturesquely short petticoat, broad hat and kerchiefed shoulders, she looks out upon the harbour or poses by a bit of rock. There is also documentary evidence, meagre, it is true, in those dim middle ages of her birth, marriage, and

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alas! too often of her early death. The quiet graveyard in the shadow of St. Mary's spire and the tablets of old St. Paul's contain many records of her departing this life untimely. For she seems to have married early, borne many children and died before she was thirty-five. Her husband's grief is always great, and he marries again within two years.

How did she employ her waking hours? She must have been very domestic in her habits. As a child, she may have gone to school, perhaps; for the wandering dominies who set up their academical tabernacles in this town only undertake to instruct young gentlemen in all the useful branches of learning! Girls were not supposed to need education in those days. If they could read, write and cast an account, and work a sample, it was considered quite enough, when George the Second was King. She must have ridden, if she took exercise at all. She could not promenade the streets, for there were no pavements, far less walk around the Park on Saturday afternoons, for there was no road cut along the shore, and sometimes it is not safe to be far outside the pickets, even in daylight. Nor could she drive; there

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were no carriages, till the town was nearly fifty years old. When the shops came, she must have shopped. It is impossible to think of women and shops in the same place and keeping apart. When she did go abroad to buy her taffetas and ribbons, her hair-powder, and pomatum, she went daintily in her sedan chair, borne by "stout and sober" chairmen, or by her negro slaves. She must have gone to a neighbour's to drink a dish of tea; but by no possibility could she have known what a "five o'clock" was. Society was not strong enough in numbers to constitute a crush. On Sundays she attended St. Paul's like a dutiful daughter of the church.

One day must have been much like another. After dinner, of course, she left papa and the other gentlemen to their wine. Then, they talked politics, and, perhaps, were ungallant enough to sing:

"The very best time beneath the moon,
Is the time when the ladies leave the room."

or some ditty like,

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

She had her gala days. Besides the regular entertainments at old Government

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House, there were great dances in the assembly room at Pontack's for the benefit of the poor French prisoners. They would have been dreary affairs without her fresh face, bright eyes and laughing lips, the rose without its colour and its perfume. That long, wide, low-ceiled room that overlooked the harbour, would have been dim indeed, in spite of the glittering sconces and tapers, without the flashing light of her smile, her snowy shoulders and her peacock-coloured gown. Dances then must have been much like dances now; there were partners desirable and unwelcome, uniforms blue and red, laced with gold, merry prattle, stirring music, flowers and flower faces. Supper was even more important perhaps, and when the resources of Pontack's kitchen were heavily taxed, the officers' messes came to the rescue and sent boats with steaming dishes flying across the narrow stretch of water up the creek, beside the great inn, to eke out the necessary supplies. How these young people managed without waltzing presents serious considerations; for in those days only such stately forms of saltation as the minuet and the country dance were in vogue. Dancing was an art then,

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fit for ladies and gentlemen; no vulgar tucking of your partner under your arm, as in our modern romps.

It did not happen every day that a great expedition was being organised in the old town, to sail against Quebec, or Louisbourg, or New York, and twenty line-of-battle ships would be swinging at anchor between George's Island and the Narrows. What did she do, I wonder, when the ships sailed away in stately procession past Thrum Cap and Sandwich Point to the open sea. Not seldom must her heart have gone with them, in the keeping of some sailor lover. She had her lovers, for old miniatures tell that she was as winsome as she is now. When she knew that he could not come back till the end of a six months' cruise at least, did she not find the time hang heavy on her hands, and the dear old town empty and dull? She must have sat by the sea-coal fire sometimes in the gathering dusk, and wondered when her letter would come—if there had been an action or a storm, and again—when would her letter come? Then her lips formed a prayer for all that travel by land or water, and the blaze before her blurred suddenly, as the warm tears fell on

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her clasped white hands. And when they brought in the candles, they found her dreaming there and motionless.

The Keeper of her Wardrobe would have tales to tell. A review of her gowns from the earliest times to the present would teach us much history. She always was a true-blue Tory to the marrow of her bones. England and everything English were her delight, but in one respect her patriotism failed; France was our natural enemy of course, but she could not live without French fashions. The slow-sailing ship brought out each spring the bonnets and gowns for the year, and there was no great difference in this respect between now and then. She looked her best, I imagine, in her Directory gown, when she gave up powder and dressed her flowing hair in more natural fashion. Then came the turbans and ringlets and the poke bonnets and the abominations of the thirties, when women dressed their very worst. But under all the modish ugliness, the same fresh face peeps out, and it is the same light step and graceful figure that carry off all such monstrosities as crinolines and leg-of-mutton sleeves.

How did she keep her Christmas in the

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olden time? In simpler fashion, I imagine, than at present. She found amusement in dancing dogs, learned pigs, and wax-works. She enjoyed good music, her taste was better then. She played Handel, Mozart, could parley French with the distinguished foreigner. There was wine and wassail on Christmas day; there were great family gatherings and head-aches next morning, as it is even now; and I imagine my townswoman of the olden time felt as dull after her dances as the modern belles do this morning. Times do not change the human constitution.

It was only a waking dream of a bookworm—this history-book. Never did it take shape, nor could it ever be more than a vision, but the mere thought of it gave him no little delight, and may—who knows?—afford a moment's pleasure to those of whom he dreamed.

v

The Memorial Tower

The Memorial Tower



T was amid the hurly-burly of a world wide war that the first General Assembly of Nova Scotia was convened. The conflict, which was to last seven years and decide the fate of France in two continents, had broken out afresh, and no man could foresee the end. It might easily have ended just the other way, with France supreme in America and India. It was a busy time. The new capital, Halifax, had to be built, the settlers had to be fed, sheltered, ruled, defended; and,—there is no use attempting to conceal the fact—our pilgrim fathers were, many of them, what were known as the King's hard bargains. Cornwallis had his hands full. The Boston merchants tried to ruin his credit, the Treasury refused his bills, the Lords of Plantation, in happy ignorance of conditions three thousand miles away, sent him maddening, complacent, official rebukes. War-parties of Mic-

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macs were always lurking in the spruce woods for the white settlers' scalps, or heads. At the end of the season, when there was scant subsistence for the men under his charge, the Government dumped down on him shiploads of helpless alien folk from the Palatinate and the upper Rhine. It was small wonder then the sorely harassed Governor deferred executing part of his commission, the articles which came first, and were to give the struggling colony the boon of civil government. His "Instructions" were explicit.

"And we do hereby give and grant unto you full power and authority with the advice and consent of our Said Council from time to time as need shall require to summon and call General Assemblys of the Freeholders and Planters within your Government according to the usage of the rest of our Colonies and plantations in America."

So runs the Letter Patent, by writ of Privy Seal, signed by "Yorke and Yorke" on the sixth day of May in the Twenty-second year of the reign of His Sacred Majesty George the Second.

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More specific directions follow. On the members of the Assembly being duly elected, they are to take a number of oaths (it was an age of hard swearing) "for extinguishing the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales and his open and secret abettors." No person, though elected, shall be qualified to sit unless he take these oaths. If that is done, Edward Cornwallis with the advice and consent of his Council (of twelve respectable persons chosen and nominated by himself) and his Assembly shall have the power to "make, constitute and ordain Laws, Statutes and Ordinances for the Publick peace, welfare and good government" of the Province of Nova Scotia. The powers of the Assembly were limited in various ways. Naturally the laws of the Province must not clash with the laws of the mother country. All statutes must be forwarded to England for approval, within three months of their enactment, and, to make assurance doubly sure, the Governor was invested with the power of the veto. "The said Edward Cornwallis shall have and enjoy a Negative Voice in the making and passing of all Laws, Statutes or Ordinances aforesaid." Evidently, experience of other

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popular "Assemblies" had made the home government rather wary; and it preferred "reposing special trust and confidence in the prudence, courage and loyalty of you, the said Edward Cornwallis."

To modern democrats, such popular government does not seem of a very advanced type. But we must remember the time and the conditions. The year 1749 is much more than a century and a half removed from our own day. To get some inkling of that age, one should saturate himself with Thackeray's *Four Georges*. In the reign of George II, popular rights were not highly regarded. "What have the people to do with the laws except to obey them?" was a saying which exactly expresses the temper of the time. It was the age of sinecures, of placemen, of rotten boroughs, of government by systematic bribery. "Every man has his price" was the axiom by which Walpole ruled so long. The American Revolution and the French Revolution were yet to come; the tide of democracy was just beginning to swell. In short, our provincial parliament came into being in the very midst of that old corrupt state of things, which the Reform Bills of 1830 and '32 swept out

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of existence. Both Cornwallis and Hopson were too busy to launch the new constitution; and, for perfectly obvious reasons, they were none too friendly towards popular government. They were soldiers and accustomed to autocratic methods; they were overwhelmed with the task of merely feeding and sheltering the settlers. It was only under Lawrence, the man who expelled the Acadians, who was foremost through the surf in the landing of Gabarus, who was left behind in Halifax by Wolfe the following year, much to his regret, that the first Assembly was duly elected and convened. Lawrence's references in his letters to the new departure are not over friendly; for example,—“I observe that too many of the members chosen are such as have not been the most remarkable for promoting unity or obedience to His Majesty's Government here, or, indeed, that have the most natural attachment to the Province.” It seems pretty clear that this allusion is to the stern unbending republicans of New England, who flocked to the new fiat city, to buy, and sell, and smuggle, and get gain. They had been trained to know their rights as citizens and they insisted upon them.

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In the end, the articles of Cornwallis's "Instructions" were carried into effect. The province was divided into twenty electoral districts: Halifax was to have four members and the township of Lunenburg two. The elections were duly held, and on Monday, Oct. 2, 1758, nineteen members, described variously as Esquires and Gentlemen met at Halifax to, "make, constitute and ordain Laws, Statutes and Ordinances for the Public peace, welfare and good government." And their successors have duly met to perform that same task from 1758 to the present day. If you enter the Province House next winter, you will find them doing what Joseph Gerrish, Robert Sander-son and the rest (are not their names engraved on a table of brass in our legislative halls?) began to do in the Year of Grace, 1758.

The first was a frugal Assembly. It worked without pay; "sessional indemnity" was not heard of. Its total expenses were only £250, of which £100 went to the Clerk. But it had a strong sense of its own dignity, as the Hinshelwood incident proves. On Thursday, December 14, Mr. William Pantree "complained that, yesterday going in

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a peaceable manner from the House, he was accosted by Mr. Archibald Hinshelwood in these or the like words: "Damn you, Sir! what is this you complain against me?" Upon Mr. Pantree's denying that he had complained against him, he, in a threatening and haughty tone, said: "Damn you, you have—your house has; by God, sir, I'll not bear it. Take care for the future, I have but one life to lose, and, by God, sir, I'll not be used so," and much more to the same effect. Mr. Hinshelwood was in the Secretary's office, and a rather important personage. He was summoned to the Bar of the House, made to apologise, put into custody, and, only on signing a written apology dictated by the Assembly, was he set at liberty. Decidedly this first Assembly of Nova Scotia was not a legislative body to trifle with.

The legislation of that first session was eminently practical. The Assembly obtained an account of the sums collected as excise duties from 1751 to 1758, and directed that the cost of such public works as a lighthouse at Sambro and a workhouse in Halifax should be paid out of the unexpended balance. This was asserting the right of the

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popular assembly to control the purse-strings. Several acts were needed to confirm the governor and council's irregular law-making. The Church of England was formally established: Protestant dissenters were to have freedom of worship and of conscience, but the toleration was not extended to those who professed the "popish religion." The contemporary English criminal code was adopted bodily, including the long list of felonies without benefit of clergy, and the savage old penalties of the stocks, the pillory, flogging, branding, cutting off the ears, hanging, gibbetting. Profane swearing, drunkenness, blackmailing, publication of a lie were indictable offences. These acts long remained on the statute-book. As late as 1816, the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia sentenced a man to have his ears cut off. The earliest provincial laws dealt with the foundations of society, great things and small,—Bakers, Biscuits to be Sold by Weight, Bonfires, Carmen, Carriages, Church-wardens, Clippings, Cullers of Fish, Dissenters, Divine Service, Distilling Houses, Dykes, False Tokens, Fore-stallers, French Inhabitants, Gaming, Indians, Pass to Leave the Province, Quakers,

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Schools, Schoolmasters, Regrators, Slop Clothing, Squibs, Workhouse and Workshop. At first the laws were published by being read aloud on the Grand Parade by the provost-marshal, after notice given by beat of drum. As Judge Uniacke notes in the preface to his "Statutes At Large" in 1805, "Our predecessors anxiously endeavored as near as local circumstances would permit, to copy the Laws of the mother country and to form our establishment agreeably to the British Constitution."

View it in whatever light you will, that meeting of nineteen men in the City of Halifax on the 2nd of October, 1758, was a memorable event. It meant the planting of free political institutions in what is now the Dominion of Canada. It meant lighting such a candle as by God's grace will never be put out. It meant the primacy of Nova Scotia in the field of politics. The number of political leaders which our little Province has furnished the Dominion is a matter of frequent comment; but there is nothing very wonderful about it. With the experience of a century and a half in the science of self-government, with ancient and well-established traditions of political procedure and

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political debate, it would be strange if the little Mayflower Province did not produce many able political leaders. In the early days of parliamentary government in Quebec and Ontario, politicians had to be educated to the science of their calling. Nova Scotia began in a different way, and with many special advantages. Howe was able to instruct British statesmen in the true principles of democratic government. This early political organization of our own Province upon modern lines was a most important event. It gives Nova Scotia the leadership among the nine free States which now make up the Dominion of Canada. Not only had Nova Scotia the first newspaper and the first local history, and produced the first real literature, but it led the way in the foundation of popular rights. These things should not be forgotten. A people which does not recall its past with conscious pride can never have a future.

Hence, it was an excellent idea for the Canadian Club of Halifax to set about erecting a memorial which will remind everyone who sees it of the honourable leadership of Nova Scotia in matters political. Set in a beautiful pleasure-ground dedicated for ever

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to the recreation of the people of Halifax, on the banks of the lovely Arm, it will catch the eye of every visitor and tell its proud story from generation to generation. It will be a great sea-mark, arousing the interest of mariners and travellers, from the harbour-mouth. It will be a constant reminder to our own people of what Nova Scotians have done. Once more the Mayflower Province has taken the lead. The Italian campanile of native ironstone and granite over-looking the Arm is the first edifice of the kind erected in Canada to perpetuate the memory of a political event. It is a unique achievement and one worthy of the patriotic Canadian Club.

Not only is it a striking and graceful ornament to a beautiful body of water but the interior decorations are of extraordinary interest. The arms of every Province in the Dominion, of every College within our borders, and the arms of the sister nations, New Zealand and South Africa, sculptured, in each case, in the native stone is a kind of picture-writing of the highest symbolic importance. For the most significant feature of the whole undertaking is the world-wide interest which it aroused. The Memor-

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ial Tower is much more than a reminder to Nova Scotians that they had the first local parliament in the Dominion of Canada, it is an outward and visible sign of that sympathy and brotherly feeling which makes the Empire one. Blood is thicker than water. Not only have Canadian Clubs from the east and west aided in the good work, but, as the inscription runs, "Governments, corporations and individuals" all the world over have shown their interest and have given substantial assistance.

Suum cuique! Though many hands and brains contributed to this result, the chief honour should go to the man who conceived the great plan, interested the British commonwealth in it, and saw it through all its stages of growth to its triumphant completion. That man was Dougald Macgillivray, then President of the Halifax Canadian Club.

Not wrung by force, not by rebellion stain'd,
Came civil freedom here in peace to dwell;
'Twas England's gift, deliberate, unconstrain'd;
And England's daughter, all the world to tell

How dear she prizes such a gift divine,
Has made this Tower an everlasting sign.

First of free states within the Empire's fold
To rule herself, the Mayflower Province keeps

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In constant mind her primacy of old;
And, while the tide her iron coast-line sweeps,

By this tall cairn, unto the latest age,
Shall teach her children their proud heritage.

These stones were laid in loyalty; these walls
Were reared in bond of world-wide empery;
These broad foundations, whatsoe'er befalls,
Betoken union knit from sea to sea.

And in the building mother and daughter lands
Have join'd their off'rings and set to their hands.

VI

The Log of a Halifax
Privateer

The Log of a Halifax Privateer



IT lies before me as I write,—the old log-book of a forgotten eighteenth - century privateer. Before Poland disappeared from the map of Europe, before the Thirteen Colonies became the United States of America, before Quebec fell, and with it, the power of France in the new world, this venerable sea document had been drawn up and laid away. It is curious to look at; its very appearance suggests the sea. The half quire or so of blank leaves are stitched into a bit of old sail-cloth, coarse in grain, and of a very “precious” dusty brown colour. Bits of red official wax stick here and there; for in the presence of one of His Majesty George II’s justices of the peace, the keeper of the log-book made oath that he had kept a true record; and the log-book was duly sealed and stored up in the archives of Halifax.

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A century after, a curious generation appointed a commission which broke these seals; and now anyone may read therein,—if he be skilled in palaeography,—and patient. The ink is faded, and the straggling writing and frequent blots tell their own tale of the good ship labouring in the heavy seas, as the painful quill of the sailor scribe slowly traced these pages. As one deciphers the meagre entries, an obscure and forgotten chapter in our history is opened to his view; but though obscure and forgotten, it is both significant and typical. Up to the present time, privateering, though a large part of naval warfare and a legitimate form of mercantile speculation, has remained unrecorded. Logs and other sources of information were not given to the public; it was to the interest of all concerned to keep them strictly private. These tattered pages can tell a remote and peaceful generation what privateering really was. The old log-book has another interest. It carries the mind back to the great struggle of the Seven Years War,—the struggle that gave scope to the genius of Pitt, of Wolfe, of Carlyle's Frederick,—the struggle which grew from a skirmish on the borders of

LOG OF A HALIFAX PRIVATEER

the American wilderness into a conflict as wide as the world, and drew with it the most momentous and far-reaching consequences.

My title may perhaps raise hopes that are doomed to disappointment. The log-book of a privateer suggests Smollett, Marryat and Clark Russell; but I have no lengthened tale of desperate encounters at long odds, of hair-breadth escapes and rich prizes. The record consists of some half-dozen folio pages, comparatively barren in events, and couched in the plain phrase of an unromantic Jack tar. But in this very plainness lies its chief attraction; for the curt, unpretending jottings deal with fact, and reveal the privateersman's everyday life more eloquently than the novelist's most laboured narrative. By piecing out the various entries with information derived from other sources, it is possible to reconstruct, in part, at least, the story of this particular cruise.

On November 16, 1756, six months after the declaration of war, Robert Saunderson and Malachy Salter, merchants of Halifax, obtained a letter of marque for the hundred ton schooner *Lawrence*, which they owned and had fitted out as a "private vessel of war."

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A letter of marque empowered a vessel to make war on her own account for the benefit of her owners; and this was only granted after Malachy Salter, Robert Saunderson and Captain Rous had given a bailbond for fifteen hundred pounds, good English money, to guarantee the fulfilment of the conditions on which the letter of marque was granted. The *Lawrence* was to bring all her prizes to Halifax to be adjudged in the Vice-Admiralty court, was to report all information she might obtain as to the enemy's movements, and to keep an accurate log. On November 16th, the privateer was ready for sea.

The *Lawrence* was named evidently out of compliment to the governor of the province, under whose hand and seal her license to carry on private war was issued. She was victualled for six months and carried a crew of about one hundred men. Her armament consisted of fourteen little carriage-guns throwing a four-pound ball, and twenty swivels. These last were small pieces of ordinance, in some cases no larger than a good-sized blunderbuss. Sometimes they were provided with flare-mouths to make the charge spread, and were mount-

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ed on light carriages which could easily be trundled about the decks. They were perched on the bulwarks sometimes, and even in the tops. Like the various machine-guns of the present day, they were intended for use at close quarters to repel boarders, or to cover the rush of their attack. There were besides "furniture and ammunition in proportion for a six months' cruise." Furniture is a word used in the Elizabethan navy. It means armourers' and gunners' stores.

The officers of our licensed pirate were Captain Joseph Rous, Robinson Ford, lieutenant, and Andrew Gardner, mate. Gardner kept the log. He was evidently a plain seaman, more familiar with the cutlass hilt and rope's end than pen and ink and the mysteries of the spelling-book. Dr. Johnson's celebrated dictionary had been published only the year before, but it is quite unlikely that the great lexicographer's two stout quartos formed part of the little *Lawrence's* "furniture" for her six months' cruise. The honest sailor's grammar is unfettered by pedantic rules. His spelling is phonetic and never tamely consistent. His hand of write is none of the best, even when his vessel is at anchor; but when she is

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bucketing about in a gale, his hieroglyphics require a second Champollion. Of Lieutenant Robinson Ford I have no facts to communicate. The records are dumb concerning him. Rous, the commander, belongs apparently to a breed of sea-dogs, of which our early records make frequent mention. Captain John Rous, for example, was a man of mark in his time. From being the commander of a colonial privateer, he rose to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy. He was present at the first capture of Louisbourg in 1745, carried the news of that brilliant exploit to England, and received speedy promotion for his services. When Halifax was founded, he was Cornwallis's right hand. Any particularly difficult job was given to Rous. He assisted in the second capture of Louisbourg in 1758 and in the more famous capture of Quebec the next year. It was from his ship that Wolfe issued his last order. Rous himself died a year later in Halifax.

The likeness between his career and that of Joseph Rous seems to point to likeness in blood. His name also occurs in documents relating to the founding of Halifax. He was agent for the Lunenburg settlers,

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held various commands, and, in his old age apparently, was made keeper of the light-house at Sambro and Captain of the Port. It would seem, then, that while his services were appreciated, his cruises had not made him a wealthy man. In the entries of these appointments, he is styled "gentleman" and senior. A junior Joseph Rous emerges as captain of the pilot schooner *Dolphin*, in 1753. Unless he is the son of Joseph Rous senior, the distinction would be meaningless. Even a fourth of the name, one William Rouse, crops up as commander of the *Anson* schooner, in 1750. It would seem safe to infer that the Rous family took naturally to sea-faring, and were men of ability and trust.

So much for the officers; what of the crew? No record of their names has reached the scribe, but something is known of them in the lump. That the new fiat city on the shores of *Baie Saine* was settled by trade-fallen soldiers and sailors is known to all; but the war in which they fought is forgotten. England has fought so many wars. This was worthy of memory because it was precipitated by a tale of outrage upon a single Englishman. It saw for the last

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time a King of England in battle, fighting at the head of his men. It lasted nine years. One incident was the vain attempt of the handsome, gallant heir of the Stuarts to regain the English throne, a fruitful source of song and story. As epitaph for the fallen was composed the most beautiful requiem ever written for the heroes in an English war,

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!

But who remembers how "Old Grog" made good his boast of taking Porto Bello with six ships of the line? Who remembers how Anson repeated the exploits of Drake and Cavendish in the South Pacific; sailing round the world and bringing home Spanish treasure, which thirty-two waggons could hardly carry from Plymouth to London? Yet among the many "mariners" who filled the famous thirteen transports were men who had sailed in H.M.S. *Hampton Court*, which led the line into the narrow entrance of Porto Bello, and H.M.S. *Burford*, the fourth, which carried Vernon's flag right up to the guns of the Spanish forts. There were men who had sailed in the *Centurion*. In the list are the proud old names which

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date from Elizabeth's navy—*Dreadnaught*, *Revenge*, *Rainbow*, *Tiger*, *Vanguard*—and which were destined to win new glory under Nelson and Jellicoe. It was men from these ships who first settled Halifax, and manned the little *Lawrence*. The governor complained that there were no labouring men in the town; they had all gone privateering. Accustomed to the unspeakably rough, hard, roving life of the old navy, these mariners could not settle down into peaceful husbandmen or fishers. The King's hard bargains most of them undoubtedly were; life ashore did not suit them; the breath of war blew in their ears, and they took to the sea again.

Thus victualled, armed, officered and manned, the *Lawrence* sailed out of Halifax Harbour some time in November, 1756, to do battle with the enemies of King George the Second on the high seas. What she did between that time and the following spring, whether she was lucky in the way of prizes or not I cannot tell. But on March 22nd, 1757, she was at anchor in the port of George's, Bermuda. On that day, Andrew Gardner, mate, wrote the heading of a new log, the old one probably having been

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deposited with the authorities of that port. The blank pages were ruled like a modern log-book, with columns at the side for the hours and knots, and a wider space for the remarks. The heading that Andrew wrote was this:

“A log and Journal of Our Intended Cruze by the Permission of God in (end of leaf gone) Against His Majest Enemies the Frech in the Lawranes Schoones Prived Vessel of Ware Joseph Rous Commander from Bermudo March 22, 1757 Cap Cept by me Andrew Gardner.”

The next day at noon the *Lawrence* weighed anchor and got under sail in a very leisurely fashion. The little four-pounders banged away in a nine-gun salute to the town and were answered by a single gun from the shore. A certain captain “Hale” and “severile gentlemen” were on board, no doubt discussing the chances of prize-money, and drinking success to the run. When the schooner crossed the bar, she hove to, sent the Gentlemen ashore, and paid them the compliment of a five-gun salute. We were ceremonious in those old

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days. Then she bore away for Halifax, and at six o'clock in the evening the eastern end of the island was four leagues astern. The clear weather which permitted Andrew Gardner to make the good observation he noted with satisfaction, continued next day, and the *Lawrence* bowled along with a following wind. On Friday the "modred and clear weather" continuing, the privateer sighted at one o'clock a strange sail, apparently a full-rigged ship, a Frenchman for he carried a tier of round ports. The little wasp of a *Lawrence* manoeuvred to windward of the stranger, and then, with the British ensign flying, bore down on her expected prize. Still he showed no colours, as a peaceable and friendly trader should have done. The failure to respond to signals was suspicious;

"So our Capt Desird the people to get Redy for we were almost alongside he Gave orders to fire 2 Guns."

The range was short, and the *Lawrence's* gunners, doubtless old man-o'-war's men, were skilful or lucky, for both shots got home.

"One went threwe his foremast and the other carid 2 of his fore srouds."

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Seeing that the little schooner was very much in earnest, the stranger then "hell ope his Colers," which apparently were English. A parley ensued.

The two vessels remained alongside, till the stranger captain told Rous that he hailed from Charleston, South Carolina, which was still one of our American plantations. This was not sufficient for the privateersman. The stranger was ordered to heave to, and send his captain and his papers on board.

"Then Capt Rouse Eximand them and found he Cleared out as he said."

Evidently the merchantman did not much relish being run down and fired into without word or warning; for honest Andrew records that "he was very Sasey and yoused Capt Rouse with Bad Langwich," emphasizing the stranger's curious incivility with capitals, "which," he continues, with a delicious flavour of Bret Harte, "Capt Rouse ordered the Liftand & I to go into the Bote and Examen the peple and Shartch the Shipe which wee did." As she lay helpless under the guns of the privateer, the unlucky trader from Charleston, S. C., could do nothing but submit. Evidently there

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were high words; Rous would not be altogether mute, and the "Sasey-"ness of the merchant captain only provoked him into further annoyance. In passing, it would be interesting to know approximately how bad was the deep-sea "Langwich," which would excite remark in a salt of the eighteenth century. Robinson Ford and Gardner found only two English sailors and two Frenchmen on board; the rest were Dutch. These four they brought back to the schooner's quarter-deck, where Captain Rous questioned them to see if their tales agreed with the ship's papers; and "wee found" (to our manifest regret) that "wee Cold not make a prise of her."

It was too bad that the little mistake had occurred, and Captain Rous does all in his power to make amends. He sent the stranger captain and his four seamen back to their ship, with Gardner and two carpenters. But the other captain turned sulky. Gardner records that he "was note willing to go on Bord." Perhaps he had some notion of getting compensation for the injury and delay. Rous was not to be trifled with. "But Captain Rous ordered him in the Bote, and,—wee went." Till dark the two car-

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penters were busy cutting up a spar to fish the wounded foremast. Night came on before the work was finished, and they returned to the *Lawrence*, leaving the stranger to mend his mast, and proceed on his voyage as best he might. It must have been at the close of this eventful day that Andrew Gardner sat down in the cabin to write out his version of the affair. The entry is the longest and most graphic. Evidently there were several "scenes," and many strange oaths. If we could only fish up from its corner in Davy Jones's locker the corresponding entry in the stranger's log!

The same night the privateersman had again hopes of booty. Another sail was sighted, but the *Lawrence* was becalmed and could not make chase. At ten, a light breeze sprang up, and at half-past twelve they sighted the stranger again. The watch below were called from their hammocks, and the decks were cleared for action. By two o'clock, they had overhauled the chase and found, no doubt to their intense disgust, that she was a schooner, ten days out from Jamaica. The rules of the war-game do not permit making prizes of our own ships, so the *Lawrence* had to shorten sail, and proceed, prizeless, on her course.

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By this time, the schooner had reached the stormy northern latitudes, and was nearing the Nova Scotian coast at the very worst season of the year. From March 27th till April 5th, the *Lawrence* was battling with a succession of storms a landsman would call them. But Andrew Gardner was not an emotional person; he never errs on the side of over-statement. He admits there was a "gale" now and then; he will go as far as to say the wind was "fresh"; but from various happenings on board, it is easy to infer the actual state of affairs. First, it is found necessary to "house" the guns, that is, run them inboard, and lash them fast with their noses immoveably against the inside of the bulwarks. Then the weather is noted as being dark and cloudy, with "a very large See from the W. Bord." We must proceed cautiously, with two reefs in the foresail and three in the mainsail; and under such reduced canvas the little *Lawrence* climbs the huge seas "from the W. Bord" in the rolling forties.

On Wednesday, March 30th, just a week after leaving Bermuda, the entry in the log is very ill written and the lines straggle away to one corner. Plainly it was no easy

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task to drive the quill across the paper as the vessel rolled and jumped about in the rough sea. Then came two days of rain squalls and variable winds. Suddenly the wind shifted and then died away. In the lively pitching which followed, the *Lawrence* racked her bowsprit out. Her crew had barely time to secure it and make repairs when the gale was upon them again. With a mere rag of canvas showing, a double-reefed foresail, the privateer scudded before the storm, or lay to, and hoped for better weather.

On Friday, six of her guns and all her twenty swivels had to be lowered into the hold to steady her and to take the weight off her deck. From the flocks of gulls about the ship, "the executive" feared they were too near some coast to be safe, but the leadsmen could find no bottom at ninety fathoms. By this time, the rigging was beginning to show signs of strain. There was a succession of more or less serious accidents. On Saturday, the clue of the mainsail broke off short, and it took two hours to repair the damage. For Sunday, the entry reads, "a hard Gale of Wind and Raine and Sqaules of Snow and Very Cold." On this day, the

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topping-lift block on the main boom spilt, and the schooner was hove to until it was replaced. From all this, the legitimate inference would seem to be that the *Lawrence* was a staunch craft to survive such a buffeting, and that her crew were as stout as her timbers.

On Tuesday, April 5th, the wind moderates in the afternoon, and land is seen on the weather bow. It is Cape "Heare," and for the first time in ten days the *Lawrence* was able to shake out all her reefs, and carry all her small sails. By noon next day she is abreast of Cape Negro, and the weather is again "mored and clear." They are now in Nova Scotian waters, and, after their two disappointments and the long siege of rough weather, fickle Fortune smiled for a moment on the privateersmen. They actually have a brush with a genuine Frenchman. On Wednesday they sighted a strange sail making towards them under a cloud of canvas, carrying even his "ringtail," a narrow little "kite" rigged outside the spanker, and his "driver," the square sail underneath the bowsprit. The *Lawrence* stood on, hoisted her six guns out of the hold, and "got all ready to in Gadge." As soon as

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the Frenchman was near enough to get a good look at the schooner's swarming decks, and wicked looking guns, he sheered off and changed his course. The Bourbon Lilies and St. George's Cross fluttered out in defiance of each other; the stranger discharged his larboard broadside, doing apparently no damage, and the privateer replied with all the starboard guns she could bring to bear. The Frenchman ran for it; but the British ship was not so speedy. In her very thorough preparation for a hard fight, the *Lawrence* had "Crotched her booms," to give more elbow room on deck. The consequent delay in making sail gave the foreigner a great advantage and enabled him to escape. Gardner's note reads, "We Cold not tell which went best, but it Brest (breezed?) up and we seemed to gain upon him But nite Coming one and it being dark we lost site of him our Cheas was a sloop of 8 or 10 gones." With a touch of imagination he adds, "we Jodged (jogged?) along our Corse along shore at 8 Cloake Cape le Have Bore N." The encounter shows the spirit of the privateer, for the sloop was a full-rigged sloop-of-war, the size below a frigate, and yet the *Lawrence*

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did not hesitate to tackle her. Godfrey of the *Rover* privateer, after consulting his crew, sailed into a clump of six hostile armed vessels nearly fifty years later. The next day, the *Lawrence* anchored in Halifax Harbour opposite the Governor's Battery at the foot of George St., and her cruise was over. On April 23rd, Andrew Gardner appeared before John Duport, Esquire, J.P., and swore that his log as aforesaid, was "a just and true journal of the Cruize from the time of the said Privateer's sailing from the Port of Bermuda to her arrival at the Port of Halifax."

Then this rough record of the *Lawrence's* voyage was laid away in the provincial archives for a century and a half. Of the hundred men who trod her decks, and worked her in fair weather and foul, and stood to her guns, each with his own history and passions and hopes, if only for a fair run and plenty of prize money, only this frail memorial remains,—of interest to none but the curious antiquary.

VII

A Day in Dolcefar

VII

A Day in Dolcefear

OLCEFAR, is, of course, not the real name of this city; but, when I tell you that it is the capital of Ultima Thule, you will easily find it on the map. I gave it this name privately because it has given me almost everything I ever wanted in this world, and because one of the most agreeable of pastimes is inventing friendly nick-names for your friends. Moreover, if you will search into the title, you will perceive that it connotes qualities, whereof some critics would make a reproach. There be some who hold that our city lacketh energy, enterprise, all sorts of modern commercial virtues,—virtues which bring their own reward of fat balances at the bankers. In other words, Dolcefear is a quiet nook in a bustling, rushing continent; it has discovered the value of leisure; it is a haven for such as rate life above dollars.

Each city has a face, a body and a more

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or less imperfect soul, of its own. Some are after a set pattern,—know one, know all,—but Dolcefar is unlike any other that I know. The best time to get close to the heart of Dolcefar is on a Saturday in summer.

Saturn, the gloomy planet, has little influence over his day in the city of Dolcefar; the seventh is usually the brightest day of the week. If it should happen to dawn overcast, the unwonted bustle and stir of the population seems to dispel the sea-mist, or the cloud. Besides, in these latitudes, a dull morning is no bad sign of a fair afternoon; and with us, the afternoon is the better portion of the day. The half is greater than the whole.

Cities differ much in their customs. In a southern city I know well, the housewife, attended by her black cook, with ample basket on her arm, sallies forth on Saturday evening to do her marketing for Sunday. There are long processions of her, passing up and down those endless arcades of busy stalls that stretch from street to street; and there is reason in the custom. Here our thrifty Northerner performs this duty in the morning; for the market-folk bring their

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butter and eggs into the city at dawn, or earlier; and the first to come is first served. The market is held in picturesque, mediaeval fashion upon the open street. Their wares are disposed along the kerbstone, while the vendors stand behind them in the gutter. White Ultima-Thulians they are, for the most part, but at one end are black Africans, the descendants of slaves, while near them, red Indians squat against a wall, behind piles of cleanly baskets. On one side, a soldier with his lethal weapons, is on perpetual guard, standing in a little sentry-box, or pacing up and down his appointed beat. Hither repair the house-keepers of Dolcefear, before breakfast even, with bag and basket. All morning, they are coming and going, up and down the market; you will meet everyone you know down town on a Saturday morning. The men are busy too, in banks and offices, cramming a day's work into four hours. Many are concerned with English letters; for we have direct communication with the motherland; and the English mail bulks large in the mind of Dolcefear. Grocers' waggons and butchers' carts rush to and fro in fierce career, with materials for a thousand Sunday dinners. The Saturday forenoon is the active part of the week.

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In the afternoon, the city makes holiday and devotes itself to various forms of athletic sport, either actively or vicariously. At two o'clock, there is much stir about the Royal Ultima Thulian Yacht Squadron. The club-house has the aspect of a dumpy man who has drawn his cloak close around him against the wind, and it stands on a high wharf by the water-side. The swift, new-fangled boats have their moorings directly opposite; they are hovering about, ready to start at the firing of the gun. At the signal, they dart off on long stretches to the harbour-mouth, past Thrum Cap, to the open sea, or, if need be, they can find ample courses within the great land-locked haven. Every Saturday there is a breeze; and every Saturday, there is a race. The blue water is alive with whiteskimming sails. An hour later, the ladies begin to arrive in gala dresses, to listen to the band, drink tea, talk to their friends and watch the races finish. It is entertaining, even to consider the water from a chair on the wide verandah of the second storey.

About the time that the yachts begin their race, the first arrivals appear at the tennis-grounds. They are young business men,

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who want to make the most of their one chance in the week to practise. The lady players, the enthusiasts, are not long behind them. By three o'clock, all the courts are busy, and the blackboard is covered with a waiting-list of those, who may console themselves with Milton's famous anticipation, "They also *serve*, who only stand and wait." From the little pavilion on the terrace, the five nets make one white line down the centre, and the twenty active combatants, advancing, receding so swiftly on the green, seem to be engaged in the figures of some strange dance. On Saturday, the "tea-members" visit the grounds, those who are past their dancing-days. To them and to the thirsty players, tea is dispensed from the pavilion at five o'clock, tea being almost as much a universal lubricant in Dolcefar as in China. If you do not play, you can sit on the benches at the side and look on. A great elm frames part of the blue harbour within the curve of its lower branches, and shows you the white sails passing and re-passing. Play will last far into the long northern twilight, as long in fact, as the ball can be seen or felt.

Not a pistol-shot away are the golf-links.

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They are not upon the sea-sand, nor are they famous for extent; but they are sufficient; they are just on the outskirts of the city, and can be easily reached from any quarter. There is a large attendance this afternoon of men golfers, in groups of two generally, with attendant caddies. The club-house was the lodge of an old estate at the edge of some woods. Old stone walls, a grove of pines, the new road running through the grounds of an old privateersman delimit these links and afford the picturesque, if golfers care for the picturesque, or have an eye for anything but the small white sphere they so unceasingly pursue.

If you walk up the street for three minutes from the first hole of the links, you will come to an old-fashioned house standing back from the road. It bears the name of a family seat in England, and was built and christened by a graduate of Oxford more than a century ago. He was a judge and a classical scholar, whose fame is preserved in the Dictionary of National Biography. He left his mark on the history of Ultima Thule, and rather a black mark it is; but the local fame of the old mansion rests on different grounds. In a small en-

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closure, fenced in and not unlike a pound or a lot in a cemetery, the quoit club meets about three, every Saturday in the season, to hurl the discus, possibly "in the high Roman fashion," I cannot say. Two pitches are sufficient for the players, and there are always onlookers "in the shade of the whispering trees." Under this pleasant shelter, admirals and generals, viceroys and princes of the blood have been proud to sit, as guests of the club. Silver cups and wooden spoons are here contended for, not without dust and heat. As ladies are not eligible for membership, it follows that tea is not the club's diversion. A strange and famous refreshment called "hodge-podge" is served here once a year, on a gala day, when the members bring their friends to share their pleasures. Sometimes it is apparently as fatiguing to watch the play as to stand in the sun and hurl the massive quoit.

But Saturday afternoon is passing away and half our pastimes are unreviewed. Northward lie the spacious and beautiful grounds of the athletic club, we are all so proud of. As likely as not, a cricket-match is going on, watched from under the elms by a small assembly of the fashionable and

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the connoisseurs. Visiting clubs come from afar, and some are famous. There is room in the corners of the grounds for quoits, bowls and tennis. Some members in costume that is almost Greek, or Fiji, in its simplicity are practising for coming struggles on the track or in the football field. Across the way, the soldiers are at cricket at the foot of the glaciis. On the common, the sons of the *commonalty* are busy with baseball, for the necessary apparatus is cheap, and neither uniform nor level ground is needed. If you push on farther north, till you reach the upper end of the harbour, you will find that many boats have been hired, and are rowing about among the wonderful war-ships, which are always at anchor there. The lean out-riggers of the local rowing-club are out for practice, as well as the gigs and cutters of the men-o'-war. From the floating bath comes a perpetual uproar of laughing, boyish shrieking, and splashing.

But you could not see all this in one day, with comfort. It would be wiser to turn south from the quoit-grounds, and walk to the pride of Dolcefar, the three-mile fiord we call the "Arm." It is quite near, and running up into the land makes the ground

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on which Dolcefar stands almost an island. From the landward end, you can look out to the harbour-mouth, where the squat little light-house made out of a razeed martello tower shows the way to hesitating ships on the dark nights. The shores are rather steep and wooded, and along the northern bank are stately houses of our well-to-do people. Each has its own name, as "Bircham," "Belmont," "Oaklands," "Maplewood," "Winwick"; for Dolcefar has rather a pretty knack in christening places. The "Arm" is as safe and pretty a place for boating as can be well imagined, and so it is a favourite haunt of those who affect the frail canoe. Many are the canoes and the boats of heavier build. Except where commercialism has stamped its infernal hoof, the "Arm" is a perpetual delight. Landscape becomes well-known in every feature, but the subtle way that water, and especially tide-water seems to change the face of the mere earth beside it creates a charm that never grows old. On the city-side, is a boat-house, empty this afternoon, and a bathing-house which is crowded. The floats about the swimming pool are rich in anatomical studies. On the country-side many picnic

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parties are making fires on the shingle, and boiling the kettle for tea. When night falls, there may be bon-fires along the bank, with merry youths and maidens carolling to the tinkling of a mandolin; and the boats on the water will draw near and listen.

Such is the city of Dolcefar, on a Saturday in the pleasant months of the year. It is the one city of its size on this continent which possesses a summer climate, that permits white people to work and play with comfort. Dolcefar in its wisdom chooses to play, and to make time for play. It sets store by leisure, and its citizens are sportsmen, devotees of the rod and gun, which they use in their season, or think of care-free days spent along the streams or in the woods. Chess, the leisurely king of games, is much cultivated. In short, Dolcefar is resolved to live in a rational way, and to secure a time for healthy recreation from the fleeting days.

This is not our city's only virtue. There is no hospitality like the hospitality of Dolcefar; there is no kindness like its kindness, when you are sick or in trouble. It is rather a pity that her sister-cities do not try to know better this castle of wise indolence, this town of pleasant doing.

VIII

Province House

VIII

Province House



MORE than a hundred years ago the proud little colony of Ultima Thule determined to house in a worthy fashion its law-makers and its courts of law. This palace of justice took eight years to build and it cost much money, but the result is a stately monument to the pride and taste of our ancestors. It stands in the middle of the Lower Parade, on the historic site of old Government House. Short's drawing of 1759 shows this abode of the royal governors for half a century, standing on a low terrace with a small cannon at each corner, and the original British Grenadier, complete with sugar-loaf cap and sentry-box mounting guard at the eastern door. After a century, Province House stands like the rock on which its foundations rest. It has not settled one millimetre.

Mystery shrouds the identity of the architect. Tradition will have it that he was John Merrick, Master Painter in the Dock

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Yard; but how a master painter in Nelson's time should be almost an inerrant architect is not vouchsafed. *The Acadian Magazine* of 1826 gives the honour explicitly to Richard Scott, Esquire. Whoever he was, he achieved a masterpiece. The mass and solidity of the fabric resting on piers and arches which Roman masons might have reared, the regularity of the ashlar, the Ionic columns supporting Grecian pediments, empty niches in the grey walls of hewn Ramsheg stone all tell the one story. Within doors, the tale is taken up and carried on by balustrades, cornices, mantels, fanlights, fireplaces, panelled mahogany doors. Without and within, Province House is impressed with the classic dignity, the subtle charm deriving from the genius of the brothers Adam.

The hand of the Philistine has been stretched out upon Province House with lamentable results, but some portions have so far escaped the spoiler. The Council Chamber, where our House of Lords deliberate, is still much as it was a century ago. It is a high-vaulted, stately room, rich in gesso work and Adam stucco. The doorway which gives admittance from the hall

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would not disgrace a European palace. Tall windows, east, south and west flood the Council Chamber with light. At the western end is a dais surmounted by the Royal Arms, and before it the table of the Clerks. Negligently disposed round about are the thirty black horsehair thrones whereon repose our superior legislative wisdom.

A wide gangway and heavy balustrades bound the eastern half of the room. To this open, chairless pen may be admitted on sufferance His Majesty's lieges, the common people, to witness, at a respectful distance, the mystery of making laws. On a certain winter's day in 1842, Charles Dickens beheld the ceremony of Opening the House, and declared it was like seeing Westminster through the wrong end of the telescope. Our Senate of Lilliput!

This senate chamber is distinguished for the portraits on the walls. Some are no better than enlarged and coloured photographs. The portrait of Chief Justice Strange by Benjamin West has been removed to the Court House owing to some one's sense of congruity. George III in his coronation robes with Queen Charlotte flank the dais, whence the Lieutenant-Gov-

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ernor every year gives official sanction to new-made provincial laws. The portraits were presented by Lord Dalhousie, who founded Dalhousie College and the Officers' Garrison Library, while Lieutenant-Governor of the province, and are thought to be copies of Reynolds by Allan Cunningham. George the Third, it is noted, keeps his eyes averted from the chromo which passes for his granddaughter, Victoria the Good. Portraits of George II and Queen Caroline must be rare; but these are in place here, for they date the city. It was founded in their reign. The three tailor's dummies in red coats on the east wall are Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, Lieutenant-Governor, who wore stays and had the table-cloth ironed on the table, when he gave a dinner-party at Government House, Sir John Inglis, who conducted the defense of Lucknow during the Great Mutiny, and Sir Fenwick Williams, who made good the walls of Kars against a Russian host in the Crimean War. Tradition says that little Jack Inglis, the bishop's son, and red-headed Jimmy Ramsay, the governor's son, used to play together on the Parade. The governor's son became the greatest administrator of India since Clive,

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but his policy precipitated the revolt of the Indian Army and the bishop's son suffered the consequences.

In the ante-chamber is a relic of the city founding. It is a long low oaken table of ancient make and joined as solidly as Province House itself. It is the cabin-table of the *Beaufort* transport, which, with twelve other vessels, bore the floating city of Dolcefar across the Atlantic in the wonderful summer season of 1749. Before the first rude Government House could be thrown together on the Lower Parade, the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, *Fundator Noster*, met with his Council around this board. Akins the historian painted the group,—that fine old Huguenot, Mascarene, dissipated John Salusbury, father of Sam Johnson's friend, Mrs. Thrale, poor Captain Edward Howe who was barbarously murdered at Beaubassin, John Gorham of the Rangers, and Benjamin Green, the Clerk.

Across the hallway is the quaint old Legislative Library. Tall Palladian windows light the crowded alcoves, the twisted staircases leading to the gallery, the heavy tables, chairs and showcases. The atmosphere is wholly of the ancient world of leisure, with

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no intrusion of the modern. Here also are portraits of our Great Ones—the city merchant who founded the most famous fleet of steamships, the Debaussy portrait of our Tribune of the Plebs, Dr. Matthias Hoffmann painted by Hoppner, Malachy Salter and Dorothy his wife (ascribed to Copley) and Prince Edward himself, young and slim and soldierly, in the uniform of the Seventh Fusiliers, as when he commanded the forces of Dolcefear.

Before the Court House was built, this was the court room. The present ceiling is modern, the walls originally were carried to the upper storey. There was once a gallery at the northern end. The judges' bench was at the southern end, with the robing room behind. Memorable scenes have been enacted here. On Wednesday, July 28, 1819, handsome Richard John Uniacke, the younger, was tried for his life. Exactly a week before, he had shot and killed William Bowie in a duel. Bowie had taken umbrage at something Uniacke said during a trial in which he appeared. A challenge was sent and a meeting followed at the Governor's Farm. The first exchange of shots was harmless. Uniacke's fire-eat-

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ing second insisted on loading the pistols again; and this time Bowie fell mortally wounded. Aunt Susan Etter remembered the seconds coming to her father's house early in the morning for pillows to put in the carriage conveying the wounded man back to town. Uniacke came into the courtroom leaning on the arm of his father, the Attorney-General, an old giant in a snuff-coloured suit, carrying his seven-foot staff. In a pathetic and polite speech, he handed his son over to justice. But those were the days of the code; no gentleman was held accountable for the consequences of an affair of honour. Uniacke was acquitted.

March 1, 1835, is another memorable date in the annals of Province House. This area was packed, for Joseph Howe, the young editor of *The Novascotian*, was on trial for a crime. On New Year's Day, his paper contained a letter attacking the junta of wealthy merchants who, as a Commission of the Peace, mismanaged the affairs of the city. It accused them roundly of pocketing the taxes for years. They took measures to stop the mouth of this insolent journalist, by having him indicted for criminal libel.

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No lawyer would take the hopeless case for the defence and Howe had to rely on his own mother wit. He was forced to plead his own cause, and he ran great risks. For a similar attack upon the magistrates, fifteen years before, young Mr. Wilkie had been indicted for criminal libel, tried, found guilty and sentenced to two years imprisonment with hard labour. He was driven from the city, a ruined man. On that March day, Howe ran almost as great a risk as when he faced John C. Halliburton's loaded pistol at sixteen paces in Point Pleasant Park five years later. But on this day Howe discovered and revealed a power he did not know that he possessed—the power of the tongue, *facundia*, native eloquence. For six hours and a half he addressed the twelve good men and true in his defence. He showed himself a master of argument, of humour, of irony, of invective, of pathos. Before he ended, tears were running down one aged juror's cheeks. The jury deliberated for ten minutes and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." The crowd carried Howe out of Province House, shoulder high. It was a famous victory.

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In July, 1844, the majesty of the law was displayed in this room as never before. Beside the full bench of judges sat officers of the Army and Navy in all the glory of red, and blue, and gold. They had been convened by a special commission, in accordance with an ancient law of England. They were to judge of crimes committed on the high seas, far away from Ultima Thule, but the criminals had been taken within the bounds of the colony. Six sailors were to be tried for piracy and murder, and here, within these precincts, the tale of the sordid crimes on board the barque *Saladin* was unravelled by process of law. Four were taken hence to the place of execution, and hanged by the neck until they were dead.

Kings of England have been entertained within these walls, and here lay in state the body of that Canadian prime minister, who fell dead in Windsor Castle. The Council Chamber was then smothered in flowers. History has set its patina upon old Province House.

When it was formally opened for the General Assembly on February 11, 1819, the Governor, Lord Dalhousie, congratulat-

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ed the legislature on occupying "this splendid building," and he further declared, "It stands, and will stand, I hope, to the latest posterity, a proud record of the public spirit of this period of our history."

Esto perpetua!

IX

Old St. Paul's

IX

Old St. Paul's



GOOD time to view the original parish church of Halifax is late on a week-day afternoon. The visitor will then have the place to himself, unless peradventure the chancel be lighted for the organist at practice. Let the stranger enter the churchwardens' pew near the door, distinguished by the ancient, white, gold-tipped wand of office, and there, underneath the Royal Arms, let him meditate for a little. It will not be amiss if he say a prayer or two, as he lets the dimness subdue his spirit and harkens while the silence speaks.

From the plain dark chancel gleam red and blue emblazonings of the Via Crucis, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, with shimmer of brass on pulpit-rail and lectern. To right and left, pictured windows blend Christian story with memories of the beloved dead; and the walls, dimly descried under the deep overhanging galleries, are

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crusted with tablets in honour of ancient parishioners departed this life. Thoughts will come in swarms to one whose heart is in tune. Perhaps the first will be of antiquity. The sight-seer will wander far in this new world before he finds another interior which so swiftly awakes the Spirit of the Past. More than one hundred and seventy years ago, in the very middle of the eighteenth century, men of war built this Christian temple to the glory of God. Such antiquity is nothing beside the date of the Abbey, but it means much in America. It binds to-day with yesterday. The builders were trade-fallen soldiers and sailors, turned adrift after long service in England's forgotten wars, men whose lives had been in constant peril by land and sea. Some had fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, some had sailed with Anson, some had shared Vernon's triumph when he took Porto Bello, with six ships only. David, the son of Jesse, was not allowed to build the Temple because he was a man of blood, but still there are reasons why warriors should erect a shrine to the Prince of Peace. One is need of expiation.

The original church has been enlarged

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by the addition of two broad wings and the orientation has been exactly reversed, the chancel being now where was once the main doorway. The original Palladian window was destroyed, to Dr. Akins' regret, but, in essentials, St. Paul's remains unaltered. The frame of oak and pine came from the old colony of Massachusetts Bay, and the stout structural timbers have never been replaced. Underneath are twenty brick crypts for the burial of grandees. The general plan resembles that of St. Peter's in Vere Street, London. For nearly two centuries, the blunt cone of a steeple, has cast the same figured shadow across the Grand Parade. That the first organ with its fine mahogany case was destined for some Roman chapel in South America, was taken out of a Spanish prize and brought to this port, shows how strangely war may be intermingled with religion.

When Mr. Richard Short, that surprising purser, returned to Dolcefar in H.M.S. *Northumberland*, from the reduction of Quebec he brought with him twelve priceless views of the dreaded French stronghold, showing what havoc the English batteries had wrought. Here he performed

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the same invaluable service. He made six draughts of this old town, then in its first decade; these were worked up by Serres, the French marine painter, and his pictures were engraved in copper for Boydell, the famous London print-seller. These six copper-plates were published in 1764, and a second edition in 1777. Plainly the Great Metropolis was much interested in the new fiat city which had arisen on the steep western hillside of Chebucto Bay. Short's six views record important facts, in spite of all the rehandling of his original drawings. There are the new Dock Yard, the Glacis Barracks *in situ*, the two early versions of Government House, the water front, almost one stone-faced battery, and, most important of all, the parish church, the soul of the new settlement. St. Paul's has a whole copper-plate to itself. Beside it, on the sloping Parade, is an old-time battalion of Foot, four companies strong, drawn up in review order, with drums and halberdiers complete.

London in the eighteenth century, the London Hogarth drew is what St. Paul's inevitably suggests. As a Royal foundation, built with British gold, it breathes of steady, unchanging custom. Sir Roger de Cover-

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ley, Mr. Spectator and Dr. Samuel Johnson would find themselves quite at home in these box-like pews and would observe no striking innovation in ritual or order. "The world went very well then." All things continued as they were from the beginning. Creeds felt no blight of doubt. The social order divinely established was unchanged and unchangeable. Local society united on Sunday in the parish church for morning prayer. The Governor with his aides and family, the Admiral and the General worshipped their Maker in full uniform bespangled with orders and decorations. Their officers in attendance from the King's ships and the Garrison made this dim old church gay with scarlet and blue and gold. It was an official parade, comprised under the head of duty.

The eighteenth century loved show and took its spectacles seriously. Church was a serious matter, but the Comic Spirit did not altogether refrain from the solemn assembly. Once at least the services were invaded by eighteenth century levity. In 1783, the local paper printed letters complaining of the loud talking and snuff-taking which almost drowned the parson's saw.

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Earlier still, in June, 1770, the vestry took strong measures to curb the outrecuidance of musicianers. There had been a notable service for corresponding members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in which official makers of music bore a part. Their efforts did not meet with universal approval. It is recorded that "the Anthems sung by the Clerk and others in the Gallery, during Divine Service, have not answered the intention of raising the devotion of the congregation to the Honour and glory of God, inasmuch as the major part of the congregation do not understand either the words or the Musick and cannot join therein. . . ." Such objections are not altogether unknown at the present time, though the remedy is sadly to seek. This offender was soundly snubbed. He was ordered by the vestry not to sing any such anthems or leave his usual seat without direction and permission first obtained from the Reverend Mr. Breynnton. When the Micmacs once had a service to themselves, they sang an anthem in their own wild tongue, at the beginning and the end. And no one objected to the savage ululations. Civilised singing, which the

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laity could not understand, was a different matter and subject to restraint. The Reverend John Breynton had served as a naval chaplain at the second siege of Louisbourg and he may have imbibed his notions of discipline from his life at sea.

The church and the formal square which it overlooks must be taken together as forming one historic unity. There, on the Grand Parade, the earliest laws of the province were proclaimed by the Provost-Marshal. There was the credit of each new regiment "cried down." There were enacted ancient military ceremonies like mounting guard and trooping the colours, with every punctilio of ritual. There the troops were put through their facings. The grass was worn bare by the feet of forgotten battalions which marched away out of this small area into oblivion. There national occasions for rejoicing such as Waterloo or Trafalgar, or for sorrow, like the death of kings, were commemorated by ranks of armed men burning much powder. In the year of the Great Mutiny, the regiment in garrison being asked who would volunteer for foreign service, took two paces to the front as one man. For half a century, Dalhousie Col-

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lege, a Scottish-looking building of dignified design in grey stone, faced the parish church from the northern end of the Parade; and the Governors exercised certain rights upon it, for which in the end Dolcefar had to pay.

History has coloured the walls and windows of this ancient church. There is written in brief the Book of the Chronicles of Dolcefar. To wander about these precincts and study the various legends is to converse with bygone generations. Some monuments derive their interest from the hands that made them and some from what they commemorate. This image of a mother consoling a kneeling child came from the studio of Chantrey. That other, on the opposite wall is inscribed "Gibson" and "Romae," a word of power. It is of a dead man with naked, noble torso stretched upon his bier. The man was Richard John Uniacke, the younger, principal in a fatal duel. This monument to Lieutenant John Binney presents the lively image of a dismasted ship lifted at once and swept by a giant wave. So were this officer and eleven of his crew storm-swept to their death. Near by, a beautifully lettered tablet tells

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how Captain Evans of H.M.S. *Charlestown* died fighting the French off Spanish River. His foes were no lesser personages than La Pérouse, the future explorer of the Pacific and Latouche-Tréville, the future admiral of Napoleon. Evans died but he saved his convoy. Therefore Dolcefara mourned for him sincerely and buried him with every mark of respect. He was young, he was gallant, he had sent in many a prize. He had gone forth to his duty one week, and the next he was brought back a corpse. Close beside is a monument to a Chief Justice of the province with the portentous name of Sampson. Amongst his other virtues recorded is his longevity; he lived to be one hundred years of age. A jest of Howe's to commend the mild climate of Ultima Thule preserves the fact that this ancient of days never wore an overcoat.

The sea is not far away and is continually reminding Dolcefara of its existence. In everlasting ebb and flow, the tides lap the black shell-crusted piles of the wharves within a few hundred yards of the old church. When fog curtains the harbour, the wailing of the groping steamers' sirens reaches the congregation on their knees.

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Once there was a notable interruption of a service. In the midst of morning prayer, June 6, 1813, some one entered and spoke in the ear of a worshipper, who immediately quitted the church with some haste. Thinking of fires, another followed him, and another, and another, until the church was left to the parson and the clerk. All Dolcefar was on the wharves that Sunday morning, or on the house-tops, cheering a little weather-worn frigate leading in her prize, a fine big vessel, which bore the Union Jack above the Stars and Stripes. It was the spectacular triumph of the *Shannon* over the *Chesapeake* that St. Paul's went forth to see, and the officer commanding was a son of the city, Provo Wallis, born in the very Dock Yard.

Thus the visitor may make the round of these precincts, loitering at every step and gathering lore of departed notables of Dolcefar, the bishops, the judges, the governors. But nothing he sees will so swiftly whisk his mind back to the olden times as the hatchments hung round the front of the galleries. They recall Thackeray's illustrations of his own novels, the chill formality of old time funerals, with mutes in top hats

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with long "weepers", and black scarves, which signifies that Dolcefear was an eighteenth-century town, and English to the core, even if it happened to be set down on this, the hither side of the Atlantic.

These lozenge-shaped wooden shields bear the arms of dead celebrities who made provincial history in their time. Here is the ragged cross, gules on argent, of Major Charles Lawrence, that rigorous man, who commanded a brigade at the second siege of Louisbourg, and who, under pressure of war, swept away the whole French population, root and branch, from the pleasant valley of the Annapolis. That valley he replanted with sturdy New England stock, yeomen and fishers from Connecticut and Rhode Island, who transformed so-called New Scotland into a second New England, as it is this day.

Here is the saltire, argent on azure, of the Honorable Charles Morris, first Surveyor-General of the province. He was a New Englander, one of Shirley's picked men. He commanded one of Noble's six companies at Grand Pré, when Coulon de Villiers made his deadly night attack in the snow storm of February 10, 1747. With Bruce, the

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military engineer, he laid out the streets of the original Dolcefear. Town-planning was still mediaeval and the germ idea of the little stockaded town with its block-houses and abattis was defence. To gather as many people as possible within as small an area as possible, narrowing thereby the length of wall to be manned in time of danger was plain wisdom. All through the Seven Years War, no man's life was safe outside the pickets. That nucleus of half a dozen narrow streets is still the heart of Dolcefear.

Here is the shield, three bull's heads erased on a field, azure, with a chevron, or, of Captain Richard Bulkley, one time officer of Dragoons, one time King's Messenger in the old adventurous days. He was the right-hand man of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, city founder, an Irish gentleman of many gifts, famed for his hospitality, who managed the affairs of the province quietly, whatever royal governors came or went, for half a century.

The simple shield of Governor Parr, two fesses azure on a field argent, should have its place in this pantheon, for he it was whose slackness dismembered the ancient

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province of Ultima Thule, and created by fission the new province, whose capital was once named Parr-town. He was a slight, little figure of a man, with a very bright eye, a hooked nose and a quick strutting walk. Humorous Dolcefear nick-named him "our little cock robin." One of Henry VIII's queens was a Parr, but no connection with this governor has been established.

Admiral Durell spent much of his life at sea, cruising in these waters. He charted Chebucto harbour, and wanted to have Dolcefear built at the Narrows. Under Saunders, he played his part in the reduction of Quebec. His memory is preserved by his funeral shield, which bears a lion rampant, crowned, and the motto "Fidelis."

Two monuments to the same person are a rarity in any church, but there are two to General Francis McLean in old St. Paul's. He had commanded the army in Portugal, but resigned to become colonel of the newly raised Hamilton regiment, the 82nd. With two other battalions, Tryon's, the 70th, and Campbell's Highlanders, the 74th, they formed a brigade from Clyde, and, in 1778, they made the old town secure against any force of "rebels." On the transfer of Gen-

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eral Massey, McLean took command of the garrison, five thousand strong. One of his subalterns, a boy officer, named Moore, showed his mettle when first under fire in an affair of outposts, when McLean made his descent on Penobscot. Ensign John Moore was destined to re-create the British Army, to foil Napoleon himself in the Peninsula, and to die a hero's death outside the walls of Corunna. McLean's shield is quartered with unusual charges,—a ship, a castle, a hand gripping an axe, beside the usual lion, with the motto, *Virtus durissima terit*. In the vestibule, a plain wooden board, placed there by a brother in arms proclaims that he was a gallant officer and an honest man. The same may be said of many another member of far-flung Clan Chattan.

In the church porch also hangs the most curious of all, the elaborate shield of Baron de Seitz. He was a colonel of Hessians who came to Dolcefear with the rest of Gage's army, when Washington pushed it out of Boston on St. Patrick's Day, 1776. While here, the Reverend Mr. Breynton administered the communion to the Baron's entire battalion five hundred strong, and he was able to address them in their native German.

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Then, they and their commander, with their pigtailed all in eelskins, sailed away to do battle with the rebellious colonists. When the long muddle of a war was over, Baron de Seitz returned to Dolcefara with his coach and horses, and diamond ring and what was left of his battalion, and here he died. His soldiers buried him, according to ancient German custom, not in the usual shroud, but in full uniform, spur buckled on his heel and sword girt on his thigh, and with an orange in his right hand. Such was the rite when the last of a noble family dies and the line is at an end. Carlyle tells what happened at the funeral of Duke Otto of Stettin, the last Wendish duke. "At Duke Otto's burial, in the High Church of Stettin, when the coffin was lowered into its place, the Stettin Burgermeister, Albrecht Glinde took sword and helmet and threw the same into the grave in token that the line was extinct." So here still lie the mortal remains of Frantz Carl Erdmann, Baron de Seitz, Colonel and Chief of a regiment of Hessian foot and Knight of the Order pour la Vertu Militaire. He saw Dolcefara twice, at the beginning of the most disastrous war Britain ever waged, and at its shameful

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close. His ring set with eleven diamonds was sold with his coach and harness for three horses. Only the shadow of a name, he had achieved something in his three-score and five years. "Military virtue," virtue of any kind, is not attained by every old campaigner. Did his bones stir, I wonder, in the Great war, when German prisoners were marched past his last resting place to confinement in the casemates of Fort George?

This is no guide-book to the old church; it aims only to bring the visitor within the doors. There are other things besides the crypts which do not meet the casual eye. There are the parish registers secured by lock and key, and the Queen Anne communion service of massive silver transferred from the old seat of government, when Dolcefara was founded. There are portraits, and prints, and relics in the vestry.

* * * *

Stranger, retire softly! This hour in the dim silence has been well spent. You have been communing with Time and Chance, and even may be with Faith, and the Maker of All Things, visible and invisible.

X

Old King's

Old King's



AN New York have any concern in hearing that a little college was burnt to the ground the other day in Nova Scotia? If New York ever thinks of its past, the news should recall a vivid page in its history.

Seventeen-eighty-three was a great year for the Thirteen Colonies. The long, dragging, uncertain war for independence was won. Peace had come at last with honour. The treaty was signed. It only remained to sweep out the odds and ends of the long campaigning from the country. King George's redcoats were gathered together in New York, and, with them, thousands of native Americans, who had fought on the losing side, or sympathised with it, undesirable citizens awaiting deportation. These were the hated Tories.

All that year the little eighteenth-century town at the foot of Manhattan Island was busy dispatching transports, slow, comfort-

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less sailing vessels, loaded to the gunwale with homeless refugees. Some went to Britain, some to the West Indies, but most were bound for the nearest colony which had not joined the Thirteen in throwing off the yoke—Nova Scotia. That year, twenty-five thousand men, women and children, whose fault was loyalty to their King, were dumped in the northern wilderness, which the jeering Whig journalists nicknamed with justice “Nova Scarcity.” At once those exiled Americans manifested the national energy. They split the old province in two, and carved out a separate Government of their own. They built their capital at the mouth of a great river, and organised it on the model of the city which had cast them out, as it is this day. They built another city—since vanished—of ten thousand inhabitants, wherein, on election day, King Street was so crowded that one might have walked on the heads of the multitude. They founded soon after a monthly magazine, a college and a bishop’s see. The college is the subject of my story.

On the frieze of Columbia’s cathedral-like library a stately inscription proclaims “orbi et urbi,” that the metropolitan uni-

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versity springs from King's College founded "when loyalty no harm meant," in the reign of King George the Second, otherwise Dapper George, the fat little fighting German monarch (he could swear fluently in English) who charged on foot with his troops at Dettingen. The visitor to Columbia will also note the motif of the king's crown appearing frequently in the decoration of that republican seat of learning, and will not be surprised to learn that the oldest society in the university perpetuates in its name the same reminiscence of its monarchical past.

In "Nova Scarcity" those exiled New York Tories founded a second King's College, and fortified it with a royal charter under the sign-manual of George the Third. They would not plant their seminary for ingenuous youth in the wicked capital, where the business of half the town was to make rum, and the business of the other half was to drink it, where a full brigade of troops always lay in garrison, where a squadron of the King's ships was always stationed, where soldiers and sailors spent their pay and prize-money in the fearless old fashion, and Princes of the Blood led the

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dance. They pitched on a beautiful site in the innocent country some forty miles away, outside the pretty hamlet of Windsor. Every visitor to-day approves the wisdom of their choice. The rolling country has the look of an English shire. Here two tidal rivers join their waters; and twice a day they fill with "Fundy's orange tide." A fort stood on Blockhouse Hill, and was still a military post. About were several gentlemen's estates with their tenantry. It was a most desirable spot for a college; and there, on the hill facing south, the Tories built their Tory college, the first planted outside the British Isles in what is to-day the British Empire. That is its pride. For a century or more, it stood on the hill with its "bays" and its central pillared portico amid its tall guardian elms, in simple dignity.

As far as possible the founders made a little Oxford of it. Residence, chapel, subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles were compulsory. The Archbishop of Canterbury was Visitor, though it is not recorded that he ever discharged his function. Tom Moore visited it in 1804, and left a memento of his visit, a Lucian with an inscription.

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Kingsmen were forbidden to frequent the mass, or any dissenting meeting-house, or conventicle, lest they should imbibe irreligious or republican principles. William Cochran, who had been Professor of Latin and Greek at King's College, New York, could not be made president; he was but a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Governors desired an Oxford man. Thus "Old King's" came into being, the child of a still older American "King's" in order to promote "classical learning, divinity, and belles lettres." For a century and more it has kept its antique standard flying valiantly, despite many a storm.

Time enriched the little college. It educated the scions of provincial gentry. Here Haliburton studied, the creator of "Sam Slick," and Colonel Jack Inglis of the Rifles, who held Lucknow through the Great Mutiny, and Fenwick Williams, whose defense of Kars in the Crimean War was the admiration of all professional soldiers. A Gothic library was built, which also served as a hall for Convocation—Encaenia, with the proceedings in Latin. A picturesque little chapel was erected in memory of a beloved teacher. A library was gathered; and

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it was a library which might make the wealthiest biblomaniac's mouth water for its incunabula. Aldines and Elzevirs, examples from the presses of Plantin, Froben, Etienne, 'editiones principes' of Plato and Aristotle, the "Speculum Vitae Humanae" of 1471, the Jenson Bible of 1476 are among the treasures of "Old King's."

Thus was an institution of learning planted, and thus did it grow, fulfilling into destiny as an oasis in the desert, a light in the darkness. As the years passed, memory and association endeared it to many men. Its housing became sacred and venerable. The time-honoured walls were a landmark on which all eyes rested with pleasure.

Now calamity has befallen "Old King's"; the main building is a pile of ashes. Only the tall chimneys remain standing.

XI

Spring in Ultima Thule

XI

Spring in Ultima Thule

"Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"



MY city of Dolcefear is built beside a great haven for ships, a triple haven, and round the base of a hill crowned by a star-shaped fort. Dear as it is, the colours of a city pall by the end of winter; they are dull; the houses shut out the sky. The country colours are always renewed in the spring, for the long cold rains driven by the sea-winds wash everything clean. A day dawns when the city becomes no longer tolerable; the long road calls the wayfarer irresistibly; and there is a tryst to keep with the Mayflowers beyond Admiral Rock. I must close my books and take the long road.

In Ultima Thule, spring comes slowly and bitten by frost; but into this May day is poured all the sweet of the year. The air is wine, the sky is sapphire, the sun is shining in his strength. All the trees are blos-

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soming at once. The stir of life in all the world affects you like some mysterious Presence, impossible to miss. Great Pan is very near.

The main harbour has the figure of an hour-glass, with the end broken off, and opening to the sea. The waist is called the Narrows, and the other half the Basin. The term is originally French and the analogy holds fairly well. It is round, it holds water, the sides are steep. It is twenty miles in circumference, and would hold at need all the King's ships. Just now it is full of neutral merchantmen, odd little hookers, most of them, and chiefly laden with food for the enemy. Britain goes through the form of examining their cargoes, though well she knows their ultimate destination. Round the Basin runs one of the most alluring roads in the world. It curves and curves continually, never a furlong forthright from end to end. A long straight road stretching to the vanishing point sinks the wayfarer's spirits like lead. That private pair of compasses with which he must measure it seems utterly inadequate. But a winding road entices him into forgetfulness of mileage. Stevenson calls Hazlitt an epicure because he preferred

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a winding road. Here he would have a feast. This one follows faithfully all the sinuosities of the shore in little bays and bights, and round the points and headlands. On the one hand is the high wooded bank; on the other the blue water. Between the two the railway engineers have drawn the most surprising, flowing, free-hand curves of supple steel. Their mathematical quality sets off the more spontaneous vagaries of the older road beside it. Up hill and down dale this Norland highway twists and turns, past the little church amid its trees and graves, past dwelling-house and tavern and summer cottage and the spreading, red-brick convent, through little woods, two straggling hamlets, round curious back-waters, and doubles back on the further less inhabited shore to the Narrows.

The colours of the country this day are heady. In a gallery when I pass from the statuary to the paintings, I seem to hear music strike up all round me. So here this marvellous May day. The blue of the sky mirrored in the still waters of the Basin is enough to make a man unconscious of a body or fatigue. The surrounding hills are clothed with the deep green of the spruces,

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“green not alone in summer time,” and fitting emblem of “that true North” as Tennyson called Canada. The characteristic vegetation is the same as in Scandinavia, intermingled evergreens and birches. So in the winter the landscape is coloured bottle-green and dull reddish purple. But the evergreens do not prevail altogether. Through and around them, the hard-woods rally and stand fast in stalwart groups.

Our poets never weary of singing the woods of autumn; but no one seems to have eyes for the wonder of those same woods in spring. The tints, it is true, are not massed in such overpowering strength; but their delicate purity is even more entrancing, and their variety is almost as great as in the autumn. Among the Thousand Islands, this year, there was a day when the wind was still and the trees on all the banks were pastels, mirrored in the river, not merely all possible shades of green, from a chlorine-yellow downwards, but many hues of red of maple buds and oaks. Here by tidewater, the colours are equally wonderful. As I came down a little hill, the sun behind my back turned a single tree into a burning bush of amber, green and crimson. That

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was only one. Trees flowed by with red bunches and knots of blossom, trees all crumpled greenish gold, trees all finely moulded waxy spires, like little candles on a Christmas tree, trees with green cylinders, trees with woolly caterpillar-looking things clinging to them. These are chiefly forms of sheaths for the leaves just coming. Some peculiarity of the air made me see everything flat, a series of pictures changing with every stride.

The warm air, too, was full of sweet odours from the myriad myriads of blossoms. Some precious box of spikenard had been broken all over the province of Ultima Thule. Insistent woodland perfumes would check the wayfarer as with tiny innumerable spirit hands. All along the high bank, little streams, each with its own clear treble, went singing along their channels to the salt water. The birds were calling here and there in wood and thicket.

Da singet und jauchzet das Herz zum Himmelszelt:
Wie bist du doch so schön, o du weite, weite Welt!

My way leads into history as well as into the tent of the sky. On that rise where the farmhouses stand was once the dwelling of

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a Prince of the Blood, the father of a queen. Here he held his mimic court. Here his beautiful and charming French mistress ruled at his dinner parties and receptions. In that quaint belvedere on the mound by the water his guests drank tea and heard music by the military band. When the Prince's Lodge fell to ruin, it inspired the finest page of Haliburton's prose. Over yonder, by Navy Island, near the farther shore under that melted, misty turquoise we call the sea, lie the bones of ancient ships of war. Not so long ago the curious could see their hulls at low water. They are relics of a forgotten, ill-starred Armada that sailed from French ports in 1746 with the design of sweeping the English colonies with fire and sword from Newfoundland to the Carolinas. The Rev. Mr. Prince preached on its defeat in the Old South Meeting House, and Longfellow recorded the story in verse. Hereabouts lie the bones of a thousand Frenchmen of that luckless fleet who died of pestilence.

The Mayflowers were faithful to the annual tryst. They are to be first found by the roadside under the brown autumn leaves at the very end of the Basin, just before the

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highest point of the road. There they were, the shy, pink-and-white, waxen blooms with the indescribable perfume, waiting to be gathered. The people of Ultima Thule have taken this flower, *Epigaea repens*, as their emblem, with motto conveying the botanical fact, "We bloom amid the snow." A law on the provincial statute book would safeguard it against appropriation by the neighboring commonwealth of Massachusetts. As it grows hardily, like a weed, it is sought out and prized by the Ultima Thulians. It perfumes the shop, the office, and the drawing-room. It is worn in the buttonhole; it is an article of commerce in the Green Market and in the trains. In truth, it is a winsome flower, fit to be wore on the heart of the province.

The last was the very best. At the very end of the Basin, as I stood on the bridge over the brawling yellow Sackville, before resuming my homeward march on the other side, I looked back across ten miles of blue, land-locked water to the city I had left behind, and then I beheld the crowning vision of the day. On the high and distant rock rose one of Turner's mysterious cities, dwellings and walls and white airy towers

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soaring out of unnameable gloom. I looked and looked and could not believe my eyes, for there I knew were only squalid hovels of the very poor, a hospital and a jail. Distance, the magic air, the witchery of spring, the alchemy of light combined in one more miracle.

That was a borrowed day.

XII

Afoot in Ultima Thule

XII

Afoot in Ultima Thule

Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

Confessio Amantis.

§ I



EARLY this morning the rain began to fall gently, without wind upon the expectant earth, putting thus a period to a long spell of entrancing June weather. After much activity in cloudless days of heat and dust, it is pleasant to sink back into a wise passiveness, to sit by the open window listening to the tinkling music of raindrops on green leaves, to feel the cool indraft of moist summer air; and, at peace in body and mind, to assemble and set in order thoughts born during much wandering by the way under June skies in the ancient province of Ultima Thule.

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§2

There is no English equivalent for *chemineau* except "tramp," and that hardly conveys the right idea. "Highway-man" and "roadster," though deriving from "way" and "road," have indissoluble associations, predatory, equestrian and equine and are therefore not available. "Foot-pad" is not to be thought of; "wayfarer" and "wanderer" are a trifle too poetic and romantic. Perhaps Kipling's coinage, "tramp-royal" comes nearest to this unknown, uninvented word, which "should seem to signify" devotee of the road, the open road, in preference to the by-path, the lane, the trail, the woodland alley, the mountain-track. Instead of these, to choose the road may argue a prosaic turn of mind. These all promise adventure or romance, while the ordinary road, the plain, practical, dusty strip of unproductive earth promises,—nothing. Still, at the lowest, wherever they go, roads mean men. They are man-made things designed for human intercourse and traffic, joining farm with farm, hamlet with hamlet, city with distant city. Roads are friendly contrivances, helpful to lovers of mankind.

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Roads are for travel; and travellers pass up and down on them in wheeled vehicles, or on the back of animals, but rarely on their own legs. In these days of fire-chariots, which one factory turns out at the rate of two thousand per day, there is danger of forgetting the advantages of the most natural, and the most ancient method of locomotion. It may be held that Shanks his mare is superior to all other modes of transportation. There are no tires to puncture; the gear is self-adjustable; it never balks on a railway crossing; it never skids; rarely does it get out of hand and plunge the passenger over the edge of a precipice. Repairs are simple. A draught of water, or peradventure, beer, a foot-bath in the next brook, ten minutes rest in the shade of a tree, and Shanks is off again on his faithful steed. The best motor in the world dare not charge a two-foot drain, but Shanks takes it in his stride. Over ruts and lumps, the motor racks the passenger and dislocates his cervical vertebra. Horses must be walked up hill. But Shanks hardly alters his gait for inequalities, or inclines. A little additional strain on the back muscles marks the only difference to him between the level and the rise. [195]

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Tramping the roads under the goad of necessity is one thing; of your own free will, quite another. The peculiar fortune of the amateur *chemineau*, or tramp-royal is that his favorite pursuit yields large returns in pleasure and health. He gets rid of what Stevenson calls "restaurant fat." Muscles harden until the process of putting one foot before the other becomes automatic and unconscious. The eyes are left free to measure the landscape round and the skies above, while the brain works busily on what they offer. Motion seems to churn up thoughts in the headpiece. Every march means steadier nerves and deeper sleep,—boons unpurchasable for money. But the march must be a proper march, not a stroll, or a saunter. Like tragedy, too, it must be of a certain magnitude, say, eight or ten miles easily covered in an afternoon, if there is to be the re-action of grateful lassitude which comes from well-worked muscles resting, and from drugging with fresh air.

Sometimes superior persons say in their superior way that they do not care for walking without an object, or without a companion. Thereby they show they do not understand the tramp-royal. To him the open

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road is of itself a perpetual lure. A new road is irresistible. What may not be hidden round the next turn? Beyond the next hill? The Road-song of the Prentice expresses the sentiment,

So many a road there must be, o'er which I have
not hied,

So many a brew of beer which I never yet have
tried.

Especially strong is the call of the road in the spring when the prison walls of winter fall asunder, and on the hills "the wind-flowers and the wind confer." In autumn too, the edge of frost in the air spurs the wandering blood to take the road again. The leaves are red, and the days are growing short. Winter makes marching almost impossible; the snow-fall limits one's steaming radius; but even the heats of summer cannot keep the tramp-royal from the tramp. The road, then, is an end in itself. As for companionship, Comrade Sun and Comrade Wind seldom fail to join the pilgrim and to speed him on his way. Nor, as has been hinted, does Thought forsake him. In truth, he is never less alone than when alone. Padding the highway, he does not know what loneliness means.

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But in taking to the road, there is more than pleasurable exercise for the body, more than the joy of the explorer discovering new lands, more even than the delight of the eyes; there is the pride of life, which naturally runs over into song. The rhythm of the limbs seems to insist on the complementary rhythms of the voice. It is almost impossible to refrain from "May has come," or the "Road-song of the Prentice," or "The King's Highway," so often sung in the sentimental eighties, before the war.

"Who goes yonder, proud and gay,
Spurning the dust on the King's Highway?"

The metrical version of a psalm will do as well to carry off the exaltation of the spirit. Music matters little; the main thing is a joyful noise before the Lord. *Juvat insanire*. And there is no one to listen and criticise. One bliss of solitude is the bliss of hearing one's own voice. The only blight is the occasional motorist, who comes indifferent well after the "lord of a thousand acres wide" and spurns the dust. The clouds which he compels with his fervid wheels mingled with the oily stench of gasoline, can, for the time being make the proudest foot-

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passenger feel a veritable beggar. But the fire-chariot passes, the dust settles, the oil-reek fades out on the pure air, and the tramp-royal pursues his wonted way. Destiny may even decree for him a subtle revenge. A few miles farther on, he may overtake the insulting motorist labouring vainly with his balky steed.

§3

Such a *chemineau* do I profess myself. From boyhood I have been a devotee of the open road. There are roads which I know by heart; and there are others which I have traversed once only and long to see again, like that over Solothurn and that which runs beside the Neckar from Heidelberg.

In this the first year of the peace, a kind fate has set me in a little town of Ultima Thule for my summer holiday. If poor distracted humanity is still quivering with fear, and aching with its sore hurts, Nature is smiling and serene. Ever since the northern lights played in the morning sky, the day war ceased, the weather has prolonged the note of joy. Winter itself was changed into a season of mild airs and cheering suns. Spring followed eagerly; and June was once

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again the dear June the poet sang of and the birds praised God for.

My dwelling was on a little hill in the grounds of a little old college. It was beautiful for situation, overlooking a broad cultivated valley, trenched by a tidal river, the whole contained within a ring of wooded hills, which turn at evening into purple clouds resting on the earth. Along the edge of the terrace on which the college stands, a row of elms was planted some seventy years ago. They are giants now with feathery heads. They panel out and frame the landscape between their trunks, as in a primitive picture. Travellers look on the views from the hill and comment, "It is like England," and others, "It is like France," but all are in agreement. What they note is the finished mellowness of the scene. Unlike the greater part of the continent, which is parched brown in the summer, this remains a green land; for the early and the latter rains never fail. The moisture and the heat together force on the vegetation into a luxuriance almost tropical within the walls of this sheltered valley. Here, and there, the general greenness is broken by precise rectangles of plowed land, dark, rich

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red, or chocolate colour, attesting the fertility of the soil.

It is, then, a rolling country, a land of hills, not high, or steep, or rugged, with shallow valleys between. From any summit attained, other hills are to be seen in all directions. It is a land of hill-tops and wide horizons.

It is a land of hawthorns. They border the roads, they flourish everywhere, a wonder of white bloom and aromatic fragrance. By themselves they would make the Spring. "When first the white thorn blows"—Milton compressed the whole spirit of the opening year into one simple, magical line. A single thorn stands before my open window, a snowy, incense-breathing pyramid in the softly falling rain. Even the pink May is to be found here and there. It is not native to this climate. Some true English heart brought the parent slip from beyond the sea. Thorns of both kinds overarch and embower the Cher; the petals fall and fleck the smooth brown water with red and white.

It is a land of flowers, in the month of flowers. First to come is the trailing arbutus which grows in abundance every-

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where. Before the drifts have quite thawed, under the dead leaves of last year, the shy pink-and-white blossoms may be found. Hence it has been adopted as the provincial flower, with the motto. "We bloom amid the snow." It is the darling flower of Ultima Thule. The yellow wealth of dandelions and buttercups may be taken for granted. The fields are golden with them. But rarer flowers grow with equal richness. Miles of the wayside grass are held together by constellations and milky ways of starry stitchwort. In the low lying places wherever water stands, the blue iris grows rank. Most wonderful of all June flowers is the columbine, which grows so tall and strong, in all its changeful hues, running the gamut from violet and crimson to honey-gold. It escapes from the garden closes and riots into the fields, overtopping the highest grass, outvieing its richest green, and weaving through it the most splendid colours. The columbine grows like a weed in Ultima Thule, the loveliest of weeds. Often a tall sheaf of blooms will be found springing from a shelf of earth by the roadside.

Above all, it is a land of orchards. Drilled

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battalions of apple-trees are drawn up on every southward facing slope. Even before the leaves come, they are a pleasing sight by reason of their ordered ranks and the spider-web tracery of their bare branches against the blue. When the blossoms burst forth, as they did this spring, in an ecstasy of fertility, the land becomes one great encampment of moon-white bowers and pavilions. The trees seem cascading to the ground in torrents of blossoms. There will be a plentiful apple harvest, four times last year's crop, and much honey; for the bees are busy by the million, winged alchemists distilling the potable gold of the so prized fragrant honey of Spring.

§4

Such a land was manifestly created and fore-ordained for the divagations of a tramp-royal. First the French and then the English have used and handled it for three centuries. They have built on it,—huts and stockaded forts and hamlets which have vanished. They have tamed the broad-spreading rivers with bridles of green dikes. The fertile acres thus reclaimed they have

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plowed and sowed and reaped for generations. They have fought on this soil. It holds the bones of men, who fell in battle, as well as the uncounted thousands, who died peacefully in their beds. The very face of the landscape has been altered by the hand of man. The clearings, and embankments, and planting of fruit-trees have changed the whole aspect. The Red Indian would not recognize the hunting-grounds which once were his. From all this human activity a suave appealing charm results. You might wander the whole world over, and not find its equivalent.

And man has built himself roads across this land. They have been made, not in accordance with some preconceived paper scheme, or some stiff, prosaic government survey, but simply as the need of them arose, from time to time, for the settlers' use and behoof. Hence, they follow old trails through the woods; they ramble, and wander, and wind in a pleasant maze, enlacing the hills, following the water-courses, and scoring the face of the plain. It is therefore easy to plan marches which shall fetch a compass, without any monotonous retracing of

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the way by which you came. For the most part the roads in Ultima Thule are good, and friendly to the foot passenger. Bordering the oldest of them are rich growths of alders, spruce, hawthorn, wild cherry, wild plum, wild roses and blackberry thickets, which become rank unpruned green hedges, turning these norland roads into the likeness of English lanes. Sometimes when storms and spring tides combine with human neglect, the rivers burst their dikes, ravage the low-lying lands and kill out this wayside vegetation.

Another outcome of the long human usage of this land is a plentiful growth of place-names, which are unchanged by time. Such names both fix and make history. That King's Meadow should lie beside Lebreau's Dike is almost an epitome of provincial history. Names like Retreat Farm, Martock House, the Ardise Hills give character to the country-side. They pass readily into song; nor have they lacked the inspired singer to hitch them into rhyme. In the winter night when the moon is shining on the snow, the lover is longing for the impossible, the presence of the beloved. The outer world is freezing, but the rendezvous

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is waiting and warm. He would use an incantation.

Come for the night is cold,
The ghostly moonlight fills
Hollow and rift and fold
Of the eerie Ardise hills!

The icy breath of winter is in those lines, and the strange beauty of moonlight on snow, yet withal a suggestion of comfort in the sheltered nook beside the open fire.

The roads, and the Spring, and the countryside had one voice saying, "Come!" but even in Ultima Thule, and on a holiday, man cannot evade the penalty of Adam. Every morning was devoted to books and the labour of the pen; but the afternoon was free from study, and available for exploration of the surrounding country on foot. Body must have its part as well as brain. After the long winter, it was good to feel the ardent sun, and to re-learn once more the proverb, "Much sweat, much sweet." And every march was a voyage of discovery, into new lands, north, south, east and west. Generally the march could be timed to end at a given hour, the hour of a movable feast, on the home green. But if not, it did not matter. At the journey's end, a cold tub, hot tea, and a picnic meal banished fatigue.

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The evening was a tranquil time for talk and watching sunsets, followed by early and dreamless slumber in a profound and healing silence, with the untainted night wind breathing on the sleeper from out vast clean spaces of sky, over forest and field and the salt sea.

Voyages of discovery! That was a good day when the march began at Ferry Hill. It overlooks the tidal river, the twin iron bridges which stride across the stream here at its narrowest part, and the orchard-covered uplands beyond. At flood tide, the river is level full from bank to bank; at low ebb, it is a mere trickle at the bottom of a broad, shallow, red ditch. Beyond the bridge end, the road follows the shore northward, winding and doubling back on itself until the traveller at one point can look right across the broad river mouth to the town he left behind an hour before. Compact and small it looks by the waterside, with vessels lying at its wharves. That day the air was warm, holding a promise of rain; the orchards were in full flower; the road really ran through Avalon, the Cymric paradise

"Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

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Every turn in the road, every hill mounted brought a new picture to view. Farm-houses, large and handsome, in orderly grounds, with shade-trees and their complex of out-houses lined the way. Beside it, like the accompaniment to a song, ran a well-worn foot-path, betokening neighbourly intercourse. Fences are few, which gives the country an open look. Once or twice the railway crossed the road. Then it was seen in its true perspective as a mere irrelevance in the landscape, a troubler of its peace. Its value is apparent only when a march has stretched too far, and the up train or the down train ambles along in time to pick up the wanderer at a way station and return him to his point of departure. This day the march ended in a quiet, spreading, little town of one long tree-shaded street, drowsing in the afternoon sun. Once many an able ship had been built there and sailed thence to deep-sea ventures all the world over. Now its ship-yard is silent, but the town has a population of old master mariners snugly berthed ashore, but still beside the sea.

That was such a pleasant road that I made the trip twice again, for the sake of the

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apple-blossoms. Once a drenching shower overtook me and drove me to shelter in the railway station, where I met a wise man, who had been overseas, and could talk profitably on the issues of war and peace.

Another memorable march was southward to The Forks, up one side and down the other of the broad tidal river. Unforgettable is the view from the upper bridge,—Island Farm with its clump of oaks, which was once truly an island, the Futurist colours of the red clay banks against the verdigris green of the salt grass, in the strong sunshine. That day I met a true farmer. Thirty years before he had bought his farm at sheriff's auction. It was run-down, almost worthless. Now it is one of the show-places of the county. He mentioned his profit on his latest shipment of apples, a price to set one's mouth watering almost as much as the Gravensteins themselves. He has a famous herd of prize-winning cattle. His two sons, silent, hard-handed young giants had been at the war. He brought me into his immaculate farm-house and gave me cold water from the well. His talk was not all of bullocks. He produced, for my gratification, a copy of Dr. Syntax, with

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Rowlandson's illustrations. He had also an old Burns of which he was justly proud. That same afternoon another farmer, whose house I invaded, referred to Burns, and how unintelligible he would be to coming generations nursed on prohibition.

And that was a good march to Martock. The road ended in a gore, an acute angle made by meeting another road. In the gore stood a school-house, with a play-ground. Young Nausicaas were tossing a ball. The lower end of the field, where water lay, was purple with flower-de-luce. Turning into the other road, I soon made a notable discovery. It was the little stream beside which the government fish-hatchery is built. Rising in South Mountain, it flows along its feet for several miles, then turns and makes across country to the main river. This is the first brook I ever encountered in real life, which looks like those which Edmund J. Sullivan draws in *The Compleat Angler*. Its course is unchanging, and has been unchanged for ages. It is free from mud or other defilement. The grass grows on its terraced banks to the water's edge, with here and there a stray iris nodding to its own reflection in the clear brown stream.

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The fields it traverses are as green and pleasant as those in which the handsome milkmaid entertained Piscator and Venator with "that smooth song that was made by Kit Marlowe," when "she cast away care and sang like any nightingale." And there were trouts in that stream which gentle Izaak would not have disdained.

The fish hatchery itself was worth noting. It stood close under South Mountain and was backed by a thick clump of willows. Like other such buildings, it represents a French architectural idea. It is of one storey only, with low walls and a high-pitched roof; and it is the roof which makes a building picturesque, as John Ruskin sayeth.

It was that day also that I discovered the old garden. The farmer-folk hereabout have time to cultivate flowers as well as potatoes and apples, but this garden stands out from the others. It was in front of an old-fashioned, one-storey wooden house, with grey and green mosses growing on the shingles of the steep roof. The whole doorway, between the house and the road, some forty feet square, was taken up with flowerbeds of different sizes and shapes, a circular plot in the centre, and smaller ones, cut

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to fit about it, all of a size easy to plant and weed from the narrow walks which meandered between. The front door stood wide open. Near it was a basket-seated chair. On the ground beside it lay gardening tools, as if the gardener had just dropped them. Silence brooded over all. The beds were full of lilies,—yellow, red, and white,—bleeding-heart, bachelor's buttons, and cabbage roses. Here too was a wealth of columbines, as at Spa Spring Farm, overflowing the garden bounds into the neighbouring fields. The mistress of the mansion is over eighty, and "lives there by herself, mind you," as her small grandchild informed me farther down the road.

A sudden apology in a pleasant voice behind me made me turn to see a flaxen-haired, bare-headed, bare-legged lass of twelve, or so, on a bicycle, who had almost ridden me down. She told me about the old garden and its mistress. When I admired the stretch of turf in front of her own home, she told me that she and her sister kept it shaven smooth, while father and the boys were putting in the crop. I parted from Miss Chatterbox reluctantly.

They do such things, the farmer-folk in

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these parts, towards keeping up appearances. On another route-march, I discovered such another green in front of a farm, only larger, and clipped as carefully as any city lawn. Before the house was a well-trimmed hedge, to ensure privacy; but the driveway ran through a gateless gap in the hedge guarded on each side by a magnificent towering elm.

The time would fail me to chronicle all my marches with all their surprising adventures. Twice I tramped eastward by Three Mile Plains to the river, which recalls French piety in the name of Holy Cross, and the legend of Helena. The quiet, pretty hamlet of the same name is built on the lips of a deep gully. A mill-dam reduces the river below it to a mere wetness on the stones of the river-bed. Water finds its way over, and round, and through the dam, providing a hissing, spurting, rustling, plashing, fountain-like concerto, very pleasant to hear on a hot June day, in the shade of the heavy elms which tower above the bridge. When work stops in the mill at five o'clock, the sluices are opened and the Sainte Croix becomes, on human sufferance, a river once more. Deluded salmon force their way into

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it, after their mysterious wanderings in the ocean, and anglers find good sport farther down stream between the lights, in the long June evenings.

On the second journey, I marched first to the height of land, with its noble outlook to all points of the compass. All round the horizon, I viewed the farm-houses amid their clustering orchards, and I perceived for the first time the office which the orchards perform. They act like the embossings of jewels; they hold the dwelling down in the landscape, "fast rooted in the fruitful soil." On that high land, the whole atmosphere seemed to be all in gentle motion at once. The way home led through the old, silent gypsum quarries, deep pits with white sides and pools of clear, green water. A wood-chuck crossed the road before me in a leisurely amble. Beyond the quarries, I made the acquaintance of a socialistic farmer, who was still not disposed to share his holding with anyone. He came and talked to me over the fence while I rested under a tree. He had just emancipated himself from the hired man status, and he had become a capitalist by acquiring property, his little farm, of which he was not a little

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proud. The way homeward brought me to the top of another high hill. Here was another farm of which the county bragged. From it unfolded a magnificent view over the lower reaches of the Ste Croix, and, far away on the northern horizon, the dim blue form of Blomidon.

Another discovery resulted from following a road till it ended at a little hill above a gravel pit, where men and horses were busy. It offered a view both down the river to the town with its twin bridges, and up the river to the Island Farm and The Forks. The red tide was brimming from bank to bank; the June day was radiant; and the eye could hardly be filled with seeing. At still another time, an unexpected friend kept an unset tryst. At the end of a tramp, she came out at an open gate to meet me, smiling, with hands outstretched, and the sunset glow upon her face.

§5

Thus, within a circuit of some thirty miles, in one summer month, I came to know a portion of the ancient province of Ultima Thule, as no motorist, or horseman, or driver of a carriage could know it. The foot-

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passenger is closer, in every sense, to Mother Earth, and sees the world from a different angle. To pace the actual miles, to learn where the springs hide, where the flowers grow, to have speech with men, women and children has been an unalloyed good. *Meminisse juvabit*, with no hint of a "perhaps." Pleasant in acquiring, pleasant in retrospect, pleasant in transferring to paper are the memories of the past month's explorations. I live them over again, as I write, this cool morning, while the seasonable rain is falling so softly on the welcoming soil. The apple-blossoms have given place to green leaves and green fruit. The orchards will take no hurt. After the heats, the rain will force on the grass in the meadows and dike-lands. They may yield even four tons of hay to the acre. *Meminisse juvabit*. Meditation and the aid of the written word will fix these golden days in memory for the enrichment of less happier times to come.

XIII

By a Summer Sea

XIII

By a Summer Sea

 JULY 10. This is the first of our holiday at the seaside. The day has been warm and cloudy with a constant threat of rain, which never fell. About noon, the hired barouche stood at the door, loaded with the shawls and bundles needful for the little journey. Among the wraps are two restless little people with merry faces, who hail the young madam and myself with sweet but very momentous names, to which we are slowly growing accustomed. Whoever made that foolish epigram about marriage being a debt contracted in youth and paid in old age did not think it out. Why should not just debts be paid? and why should payment be begrudged, when more than value has been received? In a few minutes, we had driven through the city to the wharf and into the great draughty passage-way of the ferry-boat. As the big clumsy steam Noah's Ark swung on her way to the other shore, shift-

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ing pictures of the gray old city framed themselves in the arch of the passage-way. Every minute gave us a fresh glimpse of the crowded masts and funnels along the water-front, the huddled roofs and dormers and chimney-pots, which pack the narrow space between the water and the great hill-fort with its bare glacis and the fluttering ensign over all. Then we were across the bay, through the suburb and out into the open country; but it was long before we lost sight of the dominating fort and flag.

The road led among long fields of standing grass, full of unthrifty buttercups and daisies, that made a rich tapestry of green and white, dashed with bright brown and gold. Here and there stood neat little houses freshly blanched, as is the custom of the country, with their annual coat of whitewash. Once the highway brought us to the waterside, near a large island, and gave us a refreshing view of the broad open sea beyond. Close at hand, the little white houses drew together round a little church with a cross upon the spire. A schooner lay at anchor in mid-channel; and some dories were drawn up on the foreshore. No men were to be seen, but a few women were

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shifting the drying fish upon the "flakes." Here the road turned its back upon the sea and the fishers' hamlet. It brought us through more fields of buttercups and daisies, brown and white. Then it bent abruptly to the left, to pass through fresh woods, where it became a mere wheel-track beneath the over-arching trees, and on each side the ferns made great soft beds of green ostrich plumes. When we emerged from this alley, we found ourselves on high open ground overlooking the illimitable sea; and, within half an hour, we had reached the farmhouse which was our destination.

July 11. The homestead stands on high land overlooking the ocean. It is low-built, and, like all the houses we passed yesterday, shingled to the ground and glaring with whitewash. Two oblong windows in the front, which are each prettily divided into three give the little farmhouse a character of its own. Over the front door between them, a huge rose-bush has been trained; it has spread all over one window and invaded the roof; it is not yet in bloom. The kitchen, with its ever-open door, joins the main building at the left. As usual, the

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kitchen is the family living room. Here the women are busy all day; and in the evening the men sit around the stove and smoke and talk. There is a little kitchen-garden to the right of the house where asters and marigolds and Ragged Robin mingle on equal terms with the currant bushes and beans and cabbages. A huge ash tree over-shadows the front gate. I have not explored the region behind the house, but, from all appearances, the land must fall rapidly away to the sea.

The family consists of the burly, jovial, black-bearded father, the sallow house-mother, whose face is worn and whose voice is low and kind, and their five children. The three sons are lean, brown-faced sturdy lads, between seventeen and twenty-three. The eldest girl is of marriageable age and has a lover. She is tall and has inherited her mother's low voice and brown eyes. The other girl, the baby, is a large-framed, prettyish hoyden of fourteen. Their German blood explains the pleasant voices and the love of flowers. A good-natured giant of an uncle, whose rolling gait betrays the sailor, lives with them. He has served on a Canadian revenue cruiser, as well as on

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various long-voyage merchant ships. He has great faith in patent medicines, with which he is continually dosing himself, no one knows why. Another member of the family is a middle-aged aunt of weak mind, whom they keep with them in their unconscious charity, instead of sending her to some retreat for the insane. She is perfectly harmless and is moved by the will of others, like a human automaton. She will sit all day in her corner, passive as her chair, or she will work like a machine at any plain task, such as shelling peas, until she is stopped. Her poor face, with reason's mint-age all unmoulded, is not repulsive to those who have always known her.

July 12. The homestead stands on higher ground than one would imagine. Father and mother have their bedroom on the ground floor; but all the rest manage to pack themselves away somehow, somewhere between the one storey and the roof, the space available cannot be called even an attic. The stairway leading to it is like a ladder set in a cupboard. We, the visitors, have ample quarters; to wit, the parlour and the tiny bedroom off it, which

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the bed nearly fills, and the dining-room. Both these have the pretty three-fold windows in the front, and the one in the dining-room is almost filled with a stand of potted plants, chiefly well-to-do geraniums. Through this screen the light sifts greenly. The ceilings are low; the walls are ornamented with cheap prints. In the place of honour hang portraits of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, which the family have received as premiums with the weekly paper. The mother and eldest daughter do everything in their power to make us comfortable and are constant in their quiet kindness.

July 13. The youngest daughter, the hoyden, is to help Madam with the children. They are too much for the energy of one person, especially if that person has forsaken the city in search of rest. Poor little cockneys! they have never seen the country before. Everything is a wonder to them. The scurrying broods of half-fledged chickens, the waddling yellow ducklings, that make regular, noisy circuits round the house, the little pig with an entire pen to himself just across the road, whose meal-times they watch for, the very carts and

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tools in the sheds, the garden with its flowers are all strange and new. All yesterday was spent in examining these marvels; to-day we visited the beach as a family. After breakfast we set off down the rough country road which runs through a spruce-wood and saw, beyond a wide grass-grown opening, the yellow sands, fit stage for the dances of Ariel and all his sea nymphs. Between two high shores, the Atlantic ran in a wedge of liquid blue. From where we stood to the line of tiny, tumbling breakers stretched a quarter mile of pure, hard, virgin sand. In the sky there was not a cloud, nor, on land or sea, a sign of civilization. We might have just landed from Red Eric's keel, which in years of unrecorded history, on mornings just as fair must have coasted yonder headlands. Beyond that blue water, the next land is France. The sun that warms us is shining on the vineyards of Bordeaux.

The children gave thought only to what they could see and feel. They took off their shoes and stockings for the pleasure of feeling the clean firm sand under the bare feet and were soon splashing timidly in the nearest fringe of spent wavelets. Before long

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they ventured farther in, and soon the little frocks were so bedraggled that a transformation scene was necessary; and, presto! two of Ariel's nymphs were ready for the coming of their sister Nereids from the sea. The other water-babies did not appear; but the two human things danced up and down the yellow sands, splashing in and out of the water, laughing, shrieking, revelling in the freedom of the warm air. They did not soon tire of their play, nor the golden sunlight bathing their tender bodies, nor father and mother of watching their gallopades.

The bay is very shallow. A man might wade out a good half mile and not find himself beyond his depth. Close to high water mark, a long, narrow basin has been scooped out in the sand by some vagary of the tide; and at low water it makes a most commodious and tranquil bath for Miladi and her daughters. Strange deformed flat-fish love to bask along the bottom; and the falling tide discovered some gorgeous green and black lobsters keeping house at the seaward end among the stones. The tide was far out when we came down, and showed a broad patch of hard wet sand beyond Miladi's bath. On the outer edge of it, pigmy

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breakers fell in a shifting line of fairy surf. The elfin roar hardly broke the stillness of the perfect summer's day.

There are no doubt many people in the world who would not know what to do upon a day like this. Behind us, as we lie upon the beach, is a whole continent full of busy cities. The grains of sand on the beach are not more in number than the dwellers in them. In their toil for the bread that perishes and more foolish toil for "the gross mud-honey" they call pleasure, the fewest will ever know the unbought, unpurchasable joys of this moment. The city-dwellers, by the million, have been born, they will die, and never once have their eyes lightened with the gleam of sunshine on the sea, never once have their ears filled with the changing notes of many waters. Few would have the wish to know these pleasures; and the very fewest would have the open sense to receive the manifold boon. The eye is not filled with seeing. After long dulling by the mean soil-colours of the city, to bathe in the great pure floods of blue we call ocean and sky; after the narrow horizon of man's making, the confines of our prison-house, to wander freely where

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the two blues meet, and beyond, ever beyond, are joys of which it cannot weary. Only sand and sky and water are to be seen; a summer wind is blowing from some friendly quarter; yet you cannot feel that these are merely things. There is a glory visible to-day which is not merely the brightness of the sun.

Nearer and closer, the never-ended drama of the Breaking Wave is enacted to any audience that may chance to gather, the stars, or the beach-birds, or, as now, a human family. There is always a doing where land and water meet. The wave reaches the goal it has been seeking from beyond the sky-line. It rears itself, pauses a moment, trips and falls; it is shattered, all its strength and pride gone. Once fallen, it is simply water, spreading in ever thinner layers, upon the sand,

“In tender curving lines of creamy spray.”

Then, the broken waters hurry back to the ocean whence they came; but their retreat is never quite successful. They never quite return, but are always caught up by the wave that follows, broken, beaten, flung to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year by

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year, age after age. Peace is unknown to the broken wave. The poet was wrong; it is not the breaking, but the broken wave that is the fit type of human weakness. As the wave's foot touches the shallow and the white crest curls over slowly until it is reflected in the glassy wall of water underneath, there is no weakness. There is a moment of suspense, of anticipation, almost of surprise, that the constant, the known, the foredoomed end should come to this one also. But it comes. The wall falls flat; innumerable white fingers scrabble, as on the keyboard of an infinite piano. Then these melt together and vanish into thin, perplexed, over-lapping sheets of mere water, running eagerly up the land, and then by the law of their nature, streaming back in the confusion of the recoil. The unceasing movement, the suspense, the wave's attack, the pathos of its failure are of the essence of drama.

There is not only a continual Doing to fill the eye, but a continual Speaking to fill the ear—a various language for which there have been many interpreters. It ranges from the lisping whisper of innocence to the heart-shaking roar of anger that cows the boldest and makes their joints become

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as water. Far up on the beach, half-buried in the sand, lies the wreck of a schooner that drove ashore and drowned three men last winter. Empty, disembowelled, its spine broken it still witnesses to the strength of man's hand and brain which formed it, but more terribly to the Titanic hand and the brainless fury which destroyed it. Of all the tones of the ocean's voice, the strangest is the sudden deepening hoarseness, which tells the listener that the ebbing waters within earshot have felt from somewhere in the outer deeps the mysterious impulse of the flow. The marvel of the sudden deepening note amid the babble of low ebb never grows old.

* * * *

Two Weeks Later. We are losing all count of time. Our letters come only once a week, when the farmer's wife goes to the city to market; and newspapers, never. We eat, and bathe and bask on the sands and sleep. It is a land of drowsiness; but how sweet life is! The loudest noise about the homestead is the clacking and gabbling of the various troops of fowls, which are almost human in their excitability and fussiness.

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Every day at noon, we hear the time gun from the citadel ten miles away, as a dull concussion in the air; but we are at least a century away from the complicated modern life of which that city is the nerve centre. The farmer's eldest daughter is to be married soon; but she pretends not to know why her young man is so unwilling to wait; he has his mother to keep house for him, she says. To-day she has been showing us webs of cloth of her own spinning, coverlets of her own making which she will take with her when she goes to her new home. The younger girl has not yet learned this aristocratic art, the handicraft of queens for a thousand years, but she is to be taught next winter. The other women spin the thread for the men's rough indestructible clothes from the wool of their own dozen sheep; but it is taken to the next village, seven miles away along the coast, to be woven.

The quiet house-mother is a marvel of patience and endurance; she is the mainstay of the home. She is the first up in the morning, and the last to bed at night. Sometimes there is friction between the two sisters, but her voice is never raised,

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even for the needful scolding. Two days of every week in summer are spent in this fashion. In addition to the usual toil, Friday is spent in getting ready for market. Potatoes are dug, chickens killed and dressed, eggs gathered, peas shelled, cabbages cut, lettuce, rhubarb, celery plucked and the butter packed. The old-fashioned flowers are marketable, too: they are cut and tied in stiff bouquets and wreaths. These you will find afterwards marking the fresher graves in Holy Cross Cemetery and Camp Hill. By ten at night everything is packed in the spring-waggon, and the house-mother can go to bed for three hours' sleep. At one she is up again, gets breakfast for herself and one of the boys by lamplight and is soon on the road to the city in all weathers, wet or dry. The horse walks the rough road slowly in the dark. They cross the ferry by the first boat and unhitch the horse from the waggon at their rightful stand where two streets meet; for the market is held in the open in the ancient style. From that time until about one o'clock, she is on her feet in sun or rain, selling what she has brought. Now their stock is sold out, they have dinner and drive slowly home

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in the afternoon. She is as busy as ever on Saturday night and is up bright and early on Sunday morning as usual. The whole house misses her all Saturday; and the summer boarders feel the difference; when she comes back she brings with her an air of quiet activity. And this she has been doing for twenty-five years. She looks older than her husband and her face is no more beautiful than the face of Rembrandt's mother.

Last Saturday night, she had gone to her room, and fallen asleep, the house was quiet, when everyone was startled by a loud knocking at the door and an excited voice begging her to come quick. The visitor was the daughter of a wretched family farther down the road, who live some way or other by selling liquor without a license, salmon poaching, theft, begging and worse. Their place is a moral plague-spot. The old mother "had a turn" the voice said, thought she was going to die, and would Mrs. Housewife come quick. The "turn" was probably due to whiskey, and this was not the first of such alarms; but without a moment's delay or a word of complaint, the tired woman got her homely remedies in hand and set out

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in the darkness. Next day, the lazy little city madam tried to sympathise with her; but her gentle speeches went wide of the mark. Though not ungrateful for the kind words, she could not understand why she should be pitied, or why she should complain. All she had done was necessary; she had always done so. Think of this, city people, the next time you see her worn face and shabby gown in the Green Market.

July 23. When the wind blows off the sea, it is too cold to sit long under the shadow of the ash tree in the front yard; the sheltered sunshiny places are better to seek; but the weather is fine for hay-making. Yesterday was bright and hot. The bush-bearded farmer and his boys were afield early, making the grass they had mown into windrows which ran the length of the field; and towards sundown, they piled them into symmetrical little mounds, that did not soak up the dew. There cannot be many hay-fields like this one. It is the long field behind the house, sloping softly to the sea. The ground is smooth, and there is more than close-cropped stubble and haycocks or windrows in it. Barren ridges of low rock

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crop out of the ground in parallel lines, as its boundaries, and run down to the shore. They bear no grass which can be made into hay, but the wise All-mother delights in compensations. The rocks are all over-run from end to end with green straggling thickets of the wild rose, which have flamed out passionately in the last days into countless moons and stars of love's own colour, ranging in hue from a fresh deep crimson to a languid pink, that in the sun, shows almost white. It must be in honour of this day that these green festoons and garlands have been hung out, and these red wreaths; for this is a high festival in our home calendar, a day of days. The farmers may work, unbuilding the haystacks again and spreading them out evenly over the stubble in a thin clear-scented carpet; but we are bound to keep the day sacred. So we found a well-spread slope, sheltered from the wind and warmed by the sun, and there we rested, at least Miladi and I did; the Twain do not know the meaning of the word, and busied themselves with the roses or in racings and tumblings down the little hills among the hay. A pair of fearless robins took possession of a little knoll close at hand and began a

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noisy argument, the cause of which we could not learn. Lying at ease, Miladi looked about the sky and could not find a cloud.

"It is like our life," she said.

We are things of the earth, not of the sky, though we have our hopes, and we cannot keep our eyes or thoughts long away from it. The sky is so great and we are so small. Miladi mused in the blue vault for a long time, for custom makes all things easy, and I watched her face, until she turned her head to a clump of green a foot from it, and laughed,

"Here is another four-leafed clover!"

She is always finding four-leaved clovers. At the most unexpected times and places, she encounters them. In the middle of a sentence, as she walks, she stops and picks them. They insist on her notice. My theory is that this happens not because her eyes have the brightness of a bird's but because the clovers grow up under her feet; they are little feet and very light. It is not true that the fairy clovers do not bring good luck. I have proved the contrary.

The Last Day. Behind the hay-field, which makes a long decline to the water,

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there is a strip of beach covered with grayish-blue stones, worn smooth in the mill of uncounted tides. Here five or six low parallel ribs of rock run out from the bank for several yards before they disappear beneath the surface. They emerge on the other side of the bay, and some of them support the roses in the hay-field. Two of them make a little cove floored smoothly with fine hard sand. These ridges are weathered dark brown and reddish-gray, almost black; they are wave-worn into capricious hollows, freckled with limpet patches and hung with greenish weeds. When they glisten wet with the waves they look like smooth-hided marine monsters aground in the shallows and crawling ashore. Here is always ready a large natural basin fit for the whole family to bathe in at once, secluded and smoothly sanded for soft young feet. A pine tree on the bank stands guard over it in a patch of green grass. Here we were resting to-day after our noon-tide bath, when two boys with a gun crossed the scene and passed out of sight around a point. A few minutes later we heard the report of a gun and saw the boys coming back. They were throwing stones at something in the water, a little bunch of feathers

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that fluttered feebly and moved only as the waves moved. It was a sand-piper, or beach bird they had wounded and were trying to retrieve. These are little brown birds with white breasts and long thin bills. Their plumage is so close in colour to the sand, that coveys of them are barely to be distinguished from the environment to which they have adapted themselves with the unconscious strategy of nature. You see them performing curious feats of balancing on wave-washed rocks; and on the dark wet sands, you note long trails of their delicate foot-prints, looking like the undecipherable script of some forgotten language, but meaning only "We are hungry." For the beach birds follow the tide as it ebbs, for what they can find. Their note is a single mournful chirp, always heard clear and distinct through the mingling noises of wind and breaking wave.

The boys gave up their chase, turned round and went their way. And then a small wonder happened. Some freak of tide or flaw of wind that had kept their quarry out of the gunners' reach set shoreward and brought the wounded thing to the feet of the Child, as she stood ankle-

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deep in the ripples. Her years are few, but the woman-heart is alive in her; she is pitiful. She took the wounded thing in her small brown hands and carried it to the grass plot under the pine, moaning for its fate and crying out against "those cruel boys." The wings of the bird and the back feathers were dry and showed no signs of injury: but underneath, the red dabbled breast-plumes told where the little pellets had gone home. The eye was bright with the bird's brightness, and did not look pained or frightened. It made no fluttering efforts to escape, but lay quietly on the grass while we stood about it for a long hour and watched it die. We could do nothing; but we could not leave the spot. As the eye grew dim, the wounded thing, obeying some strange instinct, dragged itself slowly nearer the tree and then the film dropped down and covered the sight. In the continent behind us, there were a thousand deaths, this hour, in long agony, without warning, of the first-born, of the bread-winner, of the young mother in her pangs. Every moment the curtain is falling on the Fifth Act of some human tragedy. If it could be seen by many, who would care to live? It is

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mercifully hidden so it does not move us; but there in the bright sun lies the dumb innocent victim, and the life of it makes a red smear on the green grass.

It has been pure idyll, this holiday by the shore; the little family will all be the better for it; but there was no escaping those two grim phantoms that guarded Hell-gate. It is not enough that they are within, they must take this outward form. Half a mile away the thief's hovel affronts the sky and sea, and at our feet is the slain bird. I am not sorry we are going home to-morrow.

XIV

Lindens

XIV

Lindens



URING the first week of August, the quiet streets of the old seaport are filled with warm clinging fog, which makes them ghostly gray even in daylight. With the hush and grayness comes a rich outpouring of perfume which seems to be part of the sea fog. But the source is the many lindens, shading streets that need no shade; for this is the week of the linden, and each stately tree has turned itself into a gigantic bridal bouquet. Marcel Prévost holds that the scent of the linden is the very essence of love: "La fleur du tilleul est véritablement la fleur de l'amour."

Spring is the time for blossom, August for fruitage; but this eccentric tree postpones blooming till past midsummer, and then floods the air with ambrosial perfume in a second spring. On the stem of the broad heart-shaped leaf, it puts forth a narrow, weak-looking, secondary leaf, called by

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botanists a bract; and from the mid-rib springs a stem bearing light yellow flowers in knots of three. The tree is full foliated, and the countless blooms show tallow-coloured against the massive green. Now it is beloved of the bees, and the evening moths, and becomes "a summer home of murmurous wings." There is nothing sweeter on the tongue than linden, or basswood, honey.

The blossoms droop and die; the entrancing perfume no longer takes the sense prisoner; and by mid-September the place of each cluster of yellow flowers has been taken by three hard, round, grayish nuts, each containing one or two seeds. The beautiful tree is eager to reproduce itself and to protect its countless seeds from injury. Another marvel follows. The bract withers and turns pale. Gravitation and the autumn winds take hold of it and detach it before the parent leaf is ripe. The weight of the seed-nuts, or capsules, turns the bract upside down, and it becomes a little airplane. If let drop, it volplanes down to earth; but the spiral motion sustains it long enough in the air, if the wind is blowing, to carry it beyond the immediate area overspread

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by the branches. So it is carried away to make possible forests of lindens. Old fashioned people would say—Design; but we know better. The tree makes itself, of course.

The Romans knew the linden as *tilia*. Virgil makes it a feature of the little stead—ing he “remembered to have seen” under the lofty towers of Spartan-built Tarentum. He says nothing of its perfume; but he knew the bees fed on it, and the mention of honey just before is significant. He also tells that the yoke for the plough was made from the light linden; it is easily hollowed with the sharp iron. The North American Indians also discovered the character of this easily worked, almost grainless, wood. At Hiawatha’s wedding all the bowls were made of basswood, white and polished very smoothly.

Basswood is the universal name in American for this marvellous tree. Basswood is simply “bast-wood,” the tree that furnishes “bast,” the fibrous inner bark, from which primitive man made him mats, cordage, and fishing nets. Here it is named—who knows why?—from its utilitarian value, and there is a break with its historic

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and poetic past. For "linden" seems a foreign affectation, bookish, literary. Few reading

The old house by the lindens
Stood open in the shade

connect the shade trees with the basswood of popular speech. "Line," "lime," linden," are "all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations," as Captain Fluellen would say. "Linden" seems to mean wood of the "line" which grew on Prospero's island and held the snares of gay clothing for Caliban and his fellow-conspirators. "Lime" is a mispronunciation of "line," it appears. "And all around the large lime feathers low," sings Tennyson. Matthew Arnold knows its time of blooming.

And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed
showers

Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid
And bower me from the August sun with shade.

Seldom has poet had a more poetic lair. English literature, however, has small space for the linden.

On the other hand, the Germans are particularly fond of it. Folk-poetry would be poorer without the linden tree and ale-house

LINDENS

beneath it, and the *Lindenwirthin, jung und schlank*, as in the roguish provocative song. Then there is Schubert's *Lindenbluethen*. It reaches far back into the past. Siegfried bathed under the linden tree and became invulnerable like Achilles, except for the fatal spot between his shoulders on which the linden leaf fluttered down and through which fierce Hagen of the rapid glances stabbed him to death. Linden was a synonym for shield in old English poetry. German scholars think it was a wooden shield overlaid with "bast." The word is found in the "Battle of Maldon" and "Beowulf." It has, therefore, a most respectable antiquity, though even Kluge, that word-wise man, did not know its origin. The plain American basswood is lawful heir to all the history and romance of the linden, but on account of this unfortunate change of name can never enter into its inheritance.

xv

Nova Scarcity

Nova Scarcity

HAVING been born and bred in Ontario, and knowing nothing else until I was turned twenty, I am naturally jealous for the honour of the Banner Province. I feel bound to defend her institutions, even the Orange Order and the "Upper Canadian accent" against all critics. But every now and then I am wounded in the house of my friends. It cut my vitals like a sword when a Minister of Education placed the little college I have the honour of serving in an adjacent province. He simply did not know. The latest stab was dealt the other day by a proud Torontonion who did much the same thing; he placed it in an adjacent town.

The moral of these two regrettable incidents is that Canadians, even the most enlightened, do not know too much about their own country. The gentlemen who were lately promoting a better understanding between Quebec and Ontario would have done

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well to continue their labours even unto the bounds of either sea. It would have been profitable to all concerned.

In other parts of Canada there is an unwarranted assumption that Nova Scotia, in particular, is "slow," backward, behind the times; that it is bleak, rocky, barren, foggy; that the Bluenoses subsist exclusively on codfish. In fact, the general Canadian view of this dear little province down by the sea is not very different from that of the rampant "Whigs" after they had driven the "Tories" out of their brand new United States. They jeered at Nova Scotia as "Nova Scarcity." I often wish I could conduct personally a representative delegation of Canadians from the different provinces through "The Valley"; and I wished my pet wish with special fervour yesterday, when I was tramping through a little six-mile stretch of it.

My point of departure was a little town by a tidal river, in which two ships were building. One, a tern schooner, had her masts in and was almost ready for launching; the other was only in frame. There are perhaps a dozen shops in the single street, and one little hotel noted for its good

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meals. Just opposite at the crossroads is a monument to a young officer who fell in South Africa. The handsome bronze face is always looking to the south. There are two churches. The school is large, with white walls and a red roof. It was filled with clean, neatly dressed, wholesome-looking little Bluenoses. When they went out to recess, they filed quietly down the staircase, in perfect order, and romped and shouted, and played the good old games we played at my Ontario school in the last century. When the bell rang as a signal that recess was over, they pelted back into the school. The dwelling houses are large, pleasing in design, and kept painted. The yards are always neat; the lawns are always mowed; there are trees and shrubs and flowers. It is typical of the little towns of Nova Scarcity.

The road homeward soon turned to the left and climbed a hill. I marched as I marched over Solothurn from Läubelfingen to Olten, with my staff in my hand, and my coat, for coolness, over my arm. On my left hand, I had the North Mountain green with spruce, and swept by cloud shadows, for my travelling companion all the way. Ahead was Blomi-

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don which never let me get any nearer. The day before, it had poured with rain, but I tramped dryshod over the red clay road, up hill and down dale, never getting more than the edges of my boot-soles marked with earth, for the road had been scientifically drained and crowned. The water had run off; the strong north wind dried the ground quickly; it was not even rutted. I thought of the Tenth Concession.

Some score of years ago, a progressive farmer of "The Valley" did away with his fences, especially along the roads. His neighbours followed suit. Cattle are not allowed to run at large. In fact, this tenth of September is the day for putting the cattle on the rich dike lands. The hay has been cut and brought in; the second growth is richly green; the stock is assembled in droves from the back lots and turned into the fattest of pastures, where they will remain till the snow flies. This absence of fences along the "streets" as the main roads are called, gives a park-like look to the country. There are no ugly clumps of weeds, burdocks, thistles, mulleins; they are fought down persistently. In their places is a profusion of wild flowers. There were thickets

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of wild-roses, with a late rose or two still blooming. There were sheaves and sheaves of the gorgeous golden-rod that is named for Canada, lighting up the fields with yellow fire; and there were purple asters by the million. Purple heal-all, yarrow, both white and pink, and the floral gem-work called Queen Anne's Lace were everywhere abundant. Never have I seen such a wealth of wild flowers as glorifies the roadsides of Nova Scarcity.

And behind these wild gardens of the roadside were the orchards. The apple crop will be light this year in "The Valley." Not more than four hundred thousand barrels will be needed to hold it. Certainly there are many fruitless trees to be seen; but again, there are many that are loaded to the ground. In my six-mile tramp I saw not a few that looked like the pictures of apple-trees, symmetrical, cabbage-shaped, the branches loaded with ripening fruit and bending to the ground. More than a hundred years ago, one of the exiled "Tories" whom we call Loyalists, took up his residence in "The Valley." His name was Prescott, and he was near of kin to the famous historian. He built him a four-square

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colonial house of bricks moulded from the near-by clay, which is still standing; and he had adjoining a garden, which was known far and wide throughout the province. His title to fame is that he introduced the Gravenstein apple which the Bluenoses in their instinctive contempt for the German language long ago learned to pronounce Gravensteen. Connoisseurs pronounce it peerless. It is a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. One notorious old tree yielded thirty-two barrels of apples not long ago, twenty-four of which were Number Ones. There are apples a-plenty in Nova Scarcity.

And please note the farm-houses as we march along the "street." They are almost without exception large and handsome; but the barns are always larger and of the most modern pattern; because there must be ample storage room for the crops of hay raised on the dikes. Sometimes, though not this year, there will be a yield of four tons to the acre. What cannot be housed is piled on "stadles," a word you will find in "The Fairy Queen." By every farm-house door are seen flowers growing, the special care of the busy farmer's wife. Roses,

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sweet-peas, golden-glow, nasturtiums, dahlias seem to be the favourites. Then, these eccentric people have lawns in front of their houses instead of rank overgrown door-yards; they keep the turf as close cut as on any city lot. They have hammocks and sleeping porches and arbours, and motor cars of a brand I will not advertise, and telephones and rural delivery. If the farmers of The Valley lack any of the ordinary comforts or decencies of life, there is no evidence of the fact in sight. Indeed, there is a modicum of modest luxury in Nova Scarcity.

I had a talk with a farmer of "The Valley" the other day. I wish I could call him typical, but he is too big and too handsome in his dark, gypsy-like way to represent the husbandman of this favoured region. In other respects, he is a type. He lives on the land his grandfather owned. He has a good house, a fine family, and a big well-stocked barn. He is a scientific farmer, knowing the value of artificial fertilizers. His fields of oats and potatoes were well worth seeing, and so was a glade in his orchard. Whichever way you looked you saw trees loaded to the ground.

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Comparisons are odious, and I will not make them, but I wish, as a good Canadian, that I may some day conduct that Cook's Tour in the interests of the Entente Cordiale. I would take them first, blind-fold, to the "Look-Off" on North Mountain, choosing such a day as this, when the air is crystal clear, and the sky one vast blue dome without a fleck of cloud. From this point, the whole valley can be seen at a glance, like one eighty-mile trough of land from the Basin of Minas to the Basin of Annapolis. Five fair counties are visible at once. The view from the hill over Dundas, looking towards Ancaster, is something like it, but not so grand and vast. Then they should see the valley towns; Windsor, a miniature garden city, the seat of the oldest university in the British dominions overseas, where Haliburton's house is still to be seen; Wolfville, with Acadia University covering the hill; Kentville, with its broad tree-lined streets and the pathetic magnitude of the sanatorium for returned soldiers. There is nothing commonplace about these valley towns except their names. My tourists should see the valley of the willow-fringed Gaspereaux first from the stile above

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Wolfville, and then throughout its length from the salmon pools above White Rock to Horton Landing where the ships lay which carried off the Acadians. They should see Ste Eulalie and the old Covenanter Church, and the very field on which stood the village of Grand Pré beside the wind-swept marshlands. They should see The Valley from end to end, Clementsport, Bear River where the cherry trees are as big as elms, and they should wind up their trip at Annapolis Royal, where Champlain and Poutrincourt and Lescarbot had settlement before Quebec was founded. Here was the Order of Good Time; it is the scene of battles and sieges. J. M. Fortier, who knows this beautiful town like a book, should guide the party over old Fort Anne and the adjoining historic grave-yard, with a good story for every foot of ground traversed. If possible, I should have my tourists come in blossom time, and again when the cherries are ripe, and once more, when the apples are ready for harvesting. When they wanted lunch, I would regale them on strawberries grown under the shadow of Blomidon, apple-blossom honey from Gaspereaux, and mushrooms from Granville, and home-

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made bread from the nearest farmhouse spread with golden butter from the Acadia Dairy. They should fill their pockets with Gravensteins, and take their departure by way of Digby Gut, convinced that they were turning their backs upon the loveliest little corner of the universal world.

XVI

Clamming

XVI

Clamming

De profundis clamavi.



THE scene is far too grand for the trivial action staged upon it. In the North Mountain; behind is the Basin. Between, on the vast red clay foreshore left bare by the ebb, is a solitary human figure. It is the Summer Boarder engaged in clamming. The crest and flanks of the long trap-rock wall called North Mountain are clothed with spruce forest. At its feet stand white farm-houses amid green orchards and greener fields of oats. There are no fences to be seen; but lines of low bushes give the impression of English hedgerows. Fifteen miles away the parallel wall of South Mountain shows like a low-lying bank of faint blue cloud. The horizon is beset all round with snowy, puffed, cloud masses which cannot climb higher. From the centre of the immense, aery dome, dwarfing the whole landscape,

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the sun pours midsummer radiance and genial heat. The colours are green and red green of a hundred shades, orchard and oat-field and grassland and potato-patch—red of sandy beach and earthy cliff carved and worn by countless tides. But the Summer Boarder has eyes for none of these things; he is intent on clamming.

Clamming may be defined as the art or science of extricating the clam from his native mud. The process sounds extremely simple. There is the mud in which the clam lies embedded a few inches below the surface. Here is the hunter armed with a narrow shovel or a five-pronged stable fork. The clam must passively abide your onset. He cannot run away; he cannot fly in the air. You assail him with your digging implement. Insert it at the right place, turn over the mud, and there is the clam ready to hand over to Mrs. Cook for the chowder or the stew.

But there is always a difference between theory and practice; clam-digging is not without its difficulties. The quarry must first be tracked to his lair. His "spoor" is the tiny spiraculum, or blow-hole, which the clam makes in the mud. The larger the

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blow-hole, the larger the clam, say the natives, a saying which experience does not invariably confirm. Below this the clam lies *perdu* with his long, thick—proboscis, shall we call it?—extended at full length outside the two valves of his shell. This is the “tough end,” which serves as a handle to dip him into the melted butter of the clam-bake banquet. It is not eaten. Where the “spoor” is plenty, it is safe to thrust in your fork. Returns are fairly certain if not quick.

The prior question of equipment for the chase must not be hastily dismissed as unimportant; for every form of field sport has its appropriate accoutrement. There be those who hunt the clam in rubber boots. A bathing-suit is far better. Failing this, the clam-hunter is well advised who pursues his game collarless, coatless, barefoot, with rolled-up shirt-sleeves and double-reefed trousers. For he will see a new meaning in the old question, “What costume should a lady wear in a mud-bath?” Clam-hunting is bathing in mud. The clam-hunter comes into most intimate relations with primeval slime; he cannot but remember the pit from which he was digged; he

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becomes of the earth, earthy; he achieves a condition of miry slushfulness which Mr. Browning's Caliban might envy. "Sans armor," as far as possible, let the clam-hunter take the field. Washing up thereafter will take less time.

It might be assumed that the odds are all against the quarry; but the clam has a sporting chance for his life, at least against such an amateur as the present writer. Digging for clams in midsummer is no child's play. The clay is a stiff compound of glue and putty. Turning it over with a superannuated shovel is toil comparable to ditching. The shovel is soon clogged with thick lumps of clay, which must be scraped off before a second thrust can be made. It is slow, heavy work. Even when the right quarter section is overturned, and the clam should be revealed in his burrow, he may escape in the turmoil of ooze and water. The ratio has not been worked out; but probably ten shovelfuls of heavy clay are lifted and shifted for every clam dropped into the bucket. Even when the operation is successful, disappointment may follow. The clam may be too small to add to your collection and must be put back to grow.

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The process of filling the bucket is slow and toilsome; but the labour only sharpens the appetite and makes the clam more thoroughly appreciated when he fulfils the end for which he was created and comes to the table as the chief ingredient of a savoury bakemeat.

The psychology of the clam has no doubt been exhaustively studied, but possibly the observations of an independent investigator (who has dug for clams twice or thrice ere now) may not be altogether without value. The world has a low opinion of the clam's mentality. In common parlance, clam is synonymous with fool; and indeed he is the Nabal of bivalves; folly remaineth with him. Why else should he reveal his presence to his human enemy by spouting thin jets of water through his proboscis? A truly wise beast like the oyster or the mussel remains passive and undemonstrative at the approach of danger. The clam would seem to be of a nervous, excitable temperament. The approach of the spade compressing his muddy home apparently angers or frightens him, and he spouts in a sort of hysterical fury. Can it be that he thinks he is defending himself by putting out the rash be-

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holder's eye? Or insulting him by spitting in his face? The popular advice not to be a clam is justified by the observed facts.

The happiness of the clam, especially at high water, has also passed into a proverb. Perhaps it is because he is a fool that he is happy in his unreflecting way. Pessimism and *Weltschmerz* have passed him by. Of course, at high water the clam is safe from his human enemies, which may be the ground for his rejoicing.

Finis coronat opus. At last the bucket is filled. A little stream that pursues its own course across the sands makes a convenient wash-hand basin. The reward of the persistent clammer looms near. Supper is no longer a far-off divine event. Presently he will sit down to the table with tranquil nerves, braced muscles, and even-flowing blood; before him will steam the soup-plate of ambrosia called chowder; he will forget the toilsome spade and the heavy clay; he will think only of the comfortable creature which tastes as no purchased or market clam could possibly taste.

XVII

The Two Games

XVII

The Two Games



HERE are those who, condemned to flat inland courses, cherish the delusion that they are playing golf. Vainly they strive to redress the balance of nature by construction of artificial hazards—green chocolate drops of earth, and similar vanities—whereas the real game is an up-and-down affair, and is only to be found beside the sea in the constant companionship of blue water.

But there is a course—it has a name which I withhold. Let it be known as the Roof of the World; for it has been laid off on high, ridgy ground, whence the inattentive golfer may, if he chooses, take his eye off the ball for a moment and look down upon the rest of the immediate creation. While its scenic quality commends it to the lover of the picturesque, its chief merit in the golfer's eye is the number of "blind holes," which are by interpretation, greens invisible from their respective tees. The

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first is typical. You step off the clubhouse veranda to the tee, and drive across the road, over a stone wall to a double fold in the ground. The first green, your objective, lies out of sight beyond, under a spreading elm. One side of the fair green is lined by a noble company of tall forest trees. To reach the second tee, you must climb a steep and narrow pathway up the hill to the left. One emerges above the tree tops: and here is the first opportunity to judge of the fitness of the name. Far below is outspread the panorama of a famous harbour. A huge island blocks its mouth, and a smaller one lies in the middle of it; both are strongly fortified. On the farther shore the city nestles among its trees about the green formal flanks of the great glacis crowned with its old-time citadel. Safe inside the submarine nets lie half a dozen gray cruisers at anchor. They fly the white ensign with the red cross, which was the crusading flag of Richard the Lion-Hearted. These woods have seen the armadas of four great wars come and go in that harbor since the *Sphinx*, sloop-of-war, and her thirteen transports arrived in the summer of 1749 to build the city.

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From another tee may be seen a chain of cup-like fresh-water lakes on the right hand, and from a third, the inner harbour or "Basin." The steel-gray water is flecked with the silhouettes of many little neutral traders lying there at anchor, until the searchers can go through their cargoes for contraband. Their sides are painted loudly in their national colors. Sweden's blue and yellow, Holland's bands of red, white and blue, Denmark's white Latin cross on a red field, are worn fore and aft as charms against the under-sea boats' torpedoes and shells. Among the steamers are a few full-rigged ships, new tern schooners, and dwarfish old-fashioned barques. Huge liners, white hospital ships, and others, marked "Belgian Relief" in huge red letters, are also to be seen. The assemblage of craft sometimes as many as eighty in number, is an object lesson in sea power.

Outwardly it is a scene of peace that the philosophical golfer looks down upon from his various coigns of vantage, over the serrated boskage of the spruces. He must wrench his attention away from the game to remember that all he sees from his pinnacle are signs of a world-wide, life-and-death

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struggle. There are the actual fighting-ships that have battled or may battle with the foe. Any seaport is half-way to every other place in the world, and the sea is the street for all the King's ships. Hither they come for rest and refreshment from every quarter of the globe. Their comings and goings are not proclaimed from the housetops, their names are hardly spoken. They have their exits and their entrances. The Dock Yard and N. I. D. know why, but they do not tell.

Great discretion reigns over all, but it is revealing no secret to tell that here lay for a few days a battle-cruiser that took her own part at the battle of Horn's Reef, "fought over the curve of the world." "In the stream" was an obsolete craft, "picked off the scrap-heap," as the saying is, which put down a big German off the coast of Africa in the early days of the war, and earned the emphatic Navy praise, "Well done!" Alongside the dock lay for a week the little war wasp from Australia that stung the *Emden* to death in the Indian Ocean. One ship has spent two busy years in the North Sea—the tale is written in the captain's worn face—and holds the Navy

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record of twenty-seven torpedoes shot at her in vain. Another, sorely in need of painting, dug her way through the mines and batteries that blocked the mouth of the Cameroon. The Big Trooper that can carry five battalions of infantry fills up half the harbour. Each ship has her own saga, which may not be told until the war is over.

There lie the ships—here is the golf course; and whatever may be thought of civilians playing in war time, the severest patriot cannot begrudge the naval officer his brief shore leave and his cheery round of a sunny afternoon. Naval discipline is very exacting. Dr. Johnson expressed the view that no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned, and the epigram has lost little of its point. Even the lighter, wiser order and rule of ship life at the present day is onerous. A few hours' relief is welcome and salutary. The golf game helps the war game.

This pleasant-faced boy driving off from No. 3 has still a Mauser bullet in his shoulder, which he acquired in a mangrove swamp in West Africa; but it does not seem to in-

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terfere with his swing. "Guns" playing through the green has a notable spy clapped under hatches, for whom he is responsible until handed over to justice across the sea. The little, sickly looking man in the "two-some" with the wings on his cuff above the "executive curl" is one of the three or four foremost aviators in the world. He has flown over every country in Europe; and he is just recovering from an operation by which a piece of airplane was extracted from his side. My partner is a handsome sixth-form boy, who joined Kitchener's mob, when the war broke out, and was transferred to the Marines. He had the fortune to be in the turret of a battle-cruiser at Jutland and to come out unscathed. But the sight of the links is the Admiral taking the field with the pomp, pride, and circumstance of naval ceremony. He prefers foursomes, so when he, his partner, and their opponents invade the course, attended by their respective blue-jackets or petty officers as caddies, the spectacle is imposing.

I wonder what Admiral von Tirpitz, (retired) would think of it.

XVIII

The Orchards of Ultima
Thule

XVIII

The Orchards of Ultima Thule

§ I



THIS northland of ours has an ill name for bleakness and cold, not altogether undeserved. The traveller, who sees only the frowning coast, would never believe that the province hides within its breast the secret of the Happy Valley. In truth, it contains many valleys of unbelievable beauty, but the Happy Valley is the queen of them all.

Two long ramparts of rock close it in and fence it from the bitter north, the blighting east, and the chill drifting sea-fogs. From North Mountain to South Mountain it measures some fifteen miles across at its widest; and from end to end it is some eighty miles long. Sheltered from the cold winds, the rich alluvial soil of the Valley lies open to all the fructifying influences of the seasonable suns. It is marvellously productive. Flowers and fruits of lower latitudes flourish here; acacias and cherry trees

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which elsewhere are little more than tall shrubs tower here into arboreal giants mighty in girth and limb. All along the Valley, white roses bloom beside every farmhouse door.

"Ours is a great, wide country," offering prospects which contradict vulgar mensuration. On the forest-clad crest of North Mountain there is a clearing, a Pisgah height, whence a great stretch of the Valley may be seen at a glance. You may roam the world over and never find its mate. Spread below the traveller's feet is a smiling land, a land literally of milk and honey. It is a northern Punjab, a country of five rivers all running one way, side by side, among the low waves of the land. Each has its own musical name, and three of the five are French. They disembogue into a huge tidal basin at the traveller's left hand. Where the shores and banks are visible, they are of red earth, as are the long ribbons of road which wind across the landscape, up hill and down dale. Elms and alders and willows trace the meanders of the water-courses. Here and there are little compact hamlets, each with its white spire. The substantial farmhouses with their huge barns are thick-

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ly sprinkled amid the well-cultivated fields and bosoming orchards. It is a soft, domesticated country, richly green even in hot summer, for rain is plentiful, owing to the nearness of the sea. There are no harsh features, no piled rocks, no jagged outcrops. The stony skeleton of the land is well hidden. Even the slopes and summits of the two parallel "mountains" are padded with forest. The lines are long and horizontal. The main roads, here called "streets," run length-wise the Valley. But it is the orchards which give the land its character.

These tamed forests of fruit-bearing trees clothe the gentle slopes of the rolling country in every direction. There are old orchards, with sturdy if writhen limbs; there are stripling orchards which have not come to their full stature; and there are baby orchards of newly planted saplings, which make cobwebby patterns of crossing lines in the distance. In all, the charm is their formality. They are drilled armies of trees keeping their ranks with military precision, because it was so ordained. They have the impressive regularity of massed battalions, and represent man's success in obeying heaven's first law—which is order. They

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smother the farmhouses, leaving only the roofs and chimneys visible; they crowd up to the streets of the little towns. They are inescapable. For the rest, the landscape is a chess-board of rectangular fenceless fields, red from the plough or green with the growing crop. Here and there are patches of woodland which husbandry has not yet attacked.

If the traveller descends from his coign of vantage on Pisgah and comes to learn the Valley farm by farm, he will find them so many object-lessons in careful cultivation. This fruit-farming is of a rare cleanliness. No sign remains of the early pruning. The ground between the rows of trees is ploughed and planted. Insect pests are fought with scientific methods. Nowhere about the big farmhouses and bigger barns would the traveller find waste or litter. No cattle run at large on the "streets." It is a tidy land.

In the spring the whole Valley turns into one billowing, white nosegay. With the warm suns and the soft rains the leaves push forth in little gray-green puffs along the rough bare branches; and then before they have attained their growth the blos-

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soms follow and smother the green. In the distance, orchards in bloom seem powdered with white. The single tree viewed close at hand is a dazzling mass of snowy petals. "White is my love as the apple-blossoms," sang the Welsh bard centuries ago. The purity of the colour suggests the coolness of an unpolluted spring, the seld-seen white of a young virgin breast. Sometimes it is rosed faintly with pink, a delicious intensifying of both colours. A few orchards show pink rather than white. All diffuse a clear elusive perfume. The Valley in the spring, "a hundred miles of apple-blossom," as one lover called it, is an unalloyed delight. The recrudescence of Nature worship in a Puritan community might be seen in the local institution of "Blossom Sunday." When their orchards are at their whitest, the city people pilgrim to the Valley to feast their eyes. Even though it is largely an affair of the railroad and the hotel-keepers, the rise of the festival testifies to the drawing power of natural beauty.

This latest spring was sheer magic. A fortnight in May made credible all that the poets have sung about the mother of months. Day of beauty followed day of

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beauty with unfailing regularity. Little rain fell, but still enough to keep the whole countryside in the first fresh flush of green. When the sun was low in the morning and evening, the level rays shot the grass with emerald flame. Warm friendly airs drifted little white clouds across the infinite blue. All the malice of the long, hard winter had been expended; and now the wayward climate made divine amends for its former cruelty. The kindly time seemed to be Nature's denial of death, repeating the promise that every winter would change to spring. There was something mystical, portentous in such lavish pouring forth of loveliness. It was as if some gracious Influence at the heart of things were holding out its arms wistfully and wooing humanity to its bosom. Some infinite yearning whisper seemed always on the point of making itself heard, had one only the ears to hear. If some divine face had shaped itself in mid-heaven, or if Demeter herself had appeared beneath the orchard boughs, the wonder could hardly have been greater. All along the Valley, the sweet, snowy apple blossoms broke forth before their time, like a light within a light. The bees soon found them out, and began

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to lay in stores of the light-hued delicate honey for which the region is famous. Then came the deflowering winds and scattered the petals like snowflakes on the grass at the foot of every tree. The first glory of the Valley had passed for a year.

The growth of the apple in its green bower is not a matter of observation. Summer passes while the fruit swells and shapes undistinguished in colour from the green leaves which shelter it. Autumn shows the perfect ruddy-gold globes, ripe, glistening, luscious, weighing the laden branches to the ground. Half a million new barrels with white, clean-smelling staves will be needed to contain the crop. Through September the pickers are busy with ladder and basket; and the buyers—the Elizabethan “engrossers”—travel from orchard to orchard offering so much per barrel on the tree. What is intended for the foreign market is conveyed to special storehouses, where it can be kept unimpaired for months. Here the apples are carefully picked over and graded. The temperature is regulated so that they will neither rot nor freeze. The prices on the London market are carefully watched, and when they reach the right

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figure, the sluices of the store-houses are opened and streams of apples are released to flow by rail and steamer across the sea. Sometimes the freighter meets the submarine, and the good apples of Ultima Thule strow leagues of ocean to the profit of no one.

§2

Rarely has the artistry of Nature combined with Man's handiwork in happier measure than in this orchard country. Nature supplied plan, outline, background; Man attended to the laborious details. The South Mountain was the original coast; some convulsion of earth's crust heaved up the long hill called North Mountain from the ocean bed, thus pushing out a second coast line. Fed by their springs the five rivers moulded the land between these two sheltering walls; and for countless ages, the restless tides sculptured the crumbling shores. Unfruiting forest covered the face of the land. After empty centuries, the white man found the Valley out. He cleared away the forest, he built him houses which clustered into little towns; he planted fruit trees; he plowed and sowed and reaped the harvest; he fought

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the inroads of the tides. By the labour of his hands, in the sweat of his face, Man the Tireless altered the whole aspect of the wild beautiful land, until it has become what the gazer sees from his Pisgah, a choice place of human habitation, where poverty seems to be abolished and modest prosperity has fixed her abode.

Nor does the Happy Valley lack the supreme charm. History has left its indelible impress on the scene. This great sheltered garden is illumined by the Lamp of Memory. For this is part of the lost French province of Acadie, the scene of the forgotten national tragedy, which the genius of the New England poet has made classic ground. On yonder bare field stood the village of Grand Pré, a spot which draws pilgrims every year for Evangeline's sweet sake. The site is a desolation. There is the spring from which the village drank. At one side stand a few exotic willows. A rude cross of cemented stones has been erected by modern piety as a memorial of things done long ago and ill done. Grand Pré stood on the low land to which the Acadians clung; behind is the hilly ground, beyond the desolation of the marsh lands.

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The French made two contributions to the beauty of the land, the willow and the dike. The willow is not indigenous to Ultima Thule. It was brought in by the *habitants*, who settled beside these water-courses in the seventeenth century. A priestly historian, Père Dagneau, has taken this tree as the emblem of the Acadian race. It loves the water and grows best beside the streams. It is persistent and hardy; if lopped and polled, it sends up fresh shoots in great abundance. Though not native to this land, it is now firmly rooted in it, and is not to be moved out of its place. The symbolism is complete.

The second monument to the vanished *habitant* is the dike, or *aboiteau*. Following the river channels and holding back the tides are long, low green ramparts like some strange system of fortifications. There is only one way to build a dike, of brush and earth, as the engineers of railway bridges in the Valley have found to their cost. No other barrier will resist the unwearied siege of the tide, the onset of the flood, the drag of the ebb. The advantage of the dike is plain. In place of profitless drowned lands, the community gains large tracts of richest

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crop soil. The *habitants* from the region of Rochelle brought this device with them; the keen New Englanders who replaced them bettered their instruction and reclaimed still larger areas by bolder methods. There they lie redeemed from the sea, the huge levels of the marsh lands, which complement the smiling orchard country with the eternal note of sadness. They are featureless and houseless like the sea; they have the monotony and the melancholy of the sea. Like the sea, they are continually swept by the wind; even in the hottest days of the summer, there is always a breeze across the dikes.

Longfellow never saw the land he made so famous, though he talked of it with an Ultima Thulian attending Harvard. As a consequence, he laid emphasis on the wrong things, such as the forest primeval with which the *habitant* meddled very little. If, instead of the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, he had put the desolation of the level, wind-swept marshland into his hexameters, he would have attained to greater truth and deeper pathos. It is in truth a land fit to inspire poets, for beauty haunts it, and the sense of tears.

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It has inspired three others. That they are "minor" and two at least, little known, is nothing against the argument. The inspiration may be sincere, even if the resultant verse be little worth. A poet is often "minor" because his reach exceeds his grasp.

F. J. Herbin has written the best handbook on Grand Pré. He is of Acadian descent, with a keen historic sense. It is through his zeal that the stone cross was reared on the site of the vanished Acadian hamlet. His "Marshlands," while open to criticism on the score of technique, has the great merit of transcribing faithfully from the local scene and the local life. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" was Bliss Carman's first volume of verse, and, in my humble judgment, his best. It revealed an authentic singing gift and rare powers of suggestion. It does not touch the historic; but it is pervaded by the nameless, indefinable yearning striving for utterance, which is the genius of the place.

Was it a year, or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the autumn flying low?

is a characteristic expression of the poet's

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dominant mood. The third is Bernard Trotter. He was brought up amid these scenes and felt their compelling charm. His father was president of Acadia, and he himself was destined to the scholar's life. But the war broke out; the clear call came to him; he went to France, and he was killed last year. Like McCrae, he left his country a slender legacy of verse. "A Canadian Twilight" has not the classic perfection of the deep-hearted lyric, "In Flanders Fields"; but last year it was quoted and copied everywhere because it embodies the feelings of our generous youth and the brave, sad tale of the Canadians in the gap before Ypres with the gray-coat enemy coming in like a flood during the last days of April, 1915. "They jeopardized their lives to the death in the high places of the field." Trotter had his wish. He served the Good Cause, and he fell asleep on the bed of honour in that service. "Nothing is here for tears."

Thus the Happy Valley has not lacked its sacred poets. "Beauty is still immortal in our eyes." The influences which went to form these three singers have lost none of their potency. They will inspire poets to come. Moreover, the songs of these three

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will enter subtly into the loveliness they celebrate, and will enhance its all-compelling, never-failing charm.

XIX

The Potato Patch

XIX

The Potato Patch



LIKE so many others, our little city of Dolcefar has been stricken with the fear of famine; and has enjoined and encouraged all honest citizens to avert the calamity, so far as in them lies, by growing food wherever food will grow. "If every man," says the Chinese proverb, "sweeps the snow from before his own house, the city will be clean." Our rulers undertook to provide fertilizer—for a consideration—and also a communal plowman to break ground in vacant lots and backyards, so lightening the labours of the amateur gardener.

A cartload of manure reached my garden in due course; but the plowman proved fallacious, and the precious spring days were passing swiftly. At last I was forced to dig the whole plot "with my own fair hands," as Macaulay says, or renounce my hope of defeating the Huns in my backyard. It meant hard labour for the best part of a

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week, between the showers, and aching but ever-hardening muscles. Neglect, through absence for a couple of summers, had thrown the garden back into a state of nature, and there was much to contend with. The writer of Genesis, who talks about man "subduing" the earth, spoke the experience of the race. Making ground ready for seed is like trying to kill a vast sluggish monster, like the World Serpent which Thor wrestled with. Blow on blow is struck; the only resistance is that of inert mass; but the resistance never lessens. My trusty spade must have lifted and shifted a certain number of foot-tons (if that is the correct term) before the helve broke within the shank. It is an historical fact that when I tried to buy another, the supply was exhausted; so had fear of hunger forced our city to work.

Delving in the ground has been underestimated as an athletic sport. It is as absorbing as golf. Every spadeful of earth is a separate problem, and must be separately attacked, raised, and disposed. The game can be pursued at the delver's own private rate of speed; and it becomes easier, not harder, as it goes on. "The labour we delight in physics pain." Apart from the promise

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of harvest it contains, digging is its own reward. "Much sweat, much sweet," is a true proverb. Soothed nerves and the dreamless sleep of the labouring man follow the hard breath drawn over the toiling spade. Nor does the bodily exertion hinder thought; it rather helps. One is so close to Mother Nature, so free from interruption, that thoughts come of themselves. It is work for a Contemplative. R. D. Blackmore was a market-gardener. An Oxford degree, an English garden to work in, and leisure to write "Lorna Doone"—that is a life worth living. It must have been digging in the ground that taught him the wisdom of *Dominus illuminatio mea*.

Planting is the most mystical of man's works. He drops seed into the ground trustfully, covers it over, and it "dies," according to the apostle. Once he has committed the seed to the laboratory of the mould, he is powerless over it. He must stand aside and let the forces of Nature work he knows not how. Hidden from the eye, under the influences of the rain and the sun, the seed changes into something different, more sightly and much more abundant. Things growing out of the ground are part

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of the unconsidered miracle in which we live. A gardener is the last man to sneer at the savage's ceremonial dances at seeding time, or the priest blessing the fields of Brittany.

The planting of potatoes this year is a specially serious matter. It was only prudent to seek counsel. Should they be planted in hills or in rows? "In hills," said one; "you will have a larger crop." "In rows," said another; "they will be easier to cultivate." So I listened to both voices, and decided to lay out my garden in shell holes and lonely furrows.

The next question was—how many "sets" to a hill?

Cook, whose bread and *purée de pois aux croûtons* entitle her to a respectful hearing on any subject, advised three. My neighbour, who has been brought up on a farm, advised two. A casual acquaintance in the seed-store, a most learned person, advised four, "with one in the middle." I followed the advice of all three. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. So the "sets" were solemnly planted, the cut side down, and the eyes uppermost. When the operation was completed, Cook was afraid the resulting potatoes would be green, because

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the covering was too shallow, while She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed prophesied they would never come up because they were buried too deep. And the pillars of the house were shaken.

Nature did her part loyally. The rain fell and the sun beat on the brown earth; the moisture and the heat worked together upon the hidden seed, and in a fortnight the green leaves were peeping through the soil. Then they came on swiftly, and soon they were rank green bushes knee high. They were tropical in their growth. The potato is a product of the tropics, like the tomato; and for a long time both were looked on with suspicion as articles of food. Only with the nineteenth century did the real cultivation and consumption of the potato begin. Now the despised root is standing between the world and hunger. The botanist says that it belongs to the same family as the *Datura*, the Indian poison plant; so the popular distrust is not so very absurd.

Now that the potatoes are growing well, the next operation is "hilling up," or clawing the loose earth round the plants with a hoe. This is not hard work, and it enables the cultivator to pay off old scores with the

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weeds. But it is always to be repeated. The soft fleshy stalks need support. And the mounded earth retains the moisture in the baking weather; besides the continual fussing in the ground promotes growth. The aspiring ambition of those potatoes is not to be checked. The more earth is heaped around them, the more valiantly they struggle out of it. New fears arise. The harvest may be nothing but leaves; or the "sets" may have had too many "eyes"; and the potatoes may therefore be crowded and puny. Time will tell. Once this bit of ground fed the family from August to December. This time it may fail. *Pourtant il faut cultiver mon jardin.*

XX

The Nereid's Embrace

The Nereid's Embrace



SEA-BATHING is not for every constitution. The endowment of a stout heart and a normal circulation is prerequisite. A certain amount of hardihood is also necessary; for there is always a mental hazard to overcome; but, if these conditions are fulfilled, the sport may be followed from boyhood to grandfatherhood with benefit and pleasure. *Experto crede!*

For most, sea-bathing is the diversion of a midsummer vacation, lasting a fortnight or so, an affair of danger-ropes and skylarking and much lounging on the heated sands. This is mere flirtation with the nymph, treating her, in fact, like a summer girl. The chosen band of her true lovers court her embraces from earliest spring until late autumn, and there be those whom not even winter can defeat. For such determined wooing, constant proximity is needed. Such extremists are not to be pitied, even when

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they advance barefoot over the white frosted boards or return from the plunge with a freezing towel. Only by living beside the sea does one come to learn the ways and moods of that *folle maîtresse* and may be permitted to speak of her many charms.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

At rest, in the uproar of long rollers breaking on the sand, by day, by night, she is full of allure; but beyond all question, the morning is her hour of greatest charm. "Zephyr with Aurora playing," the west wind in conjunction with the dawn is a time of enchantment. The air is one caress; the path across the fields is bordered by junipers dew besprinkled; the grass is full of pearl-hung gossamer tents; the ten minutes' walk from the house to the bathing wharf furnishes just the right glow of anticipation. Thanks to local custom, no prudish trammels of bathing-suit are required, and the wharf is covered with happy Adamites, in all stages of undress, about to plunge into, or emerging from, the brine. All ages are there; and some sculptor's models. The sun is a few degrees above the horizon; and

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his beams shine warm on the naked bodies. Like fire-worshippers we face the east.

There are ways and ways of making the contact. Some drop in feet first, upright, hands close by the sides; some cautiously descend the ladders; a few wade in from the shore. The most dive. Diving is an art that demands confidence and self-control. To stand on the edge of the spring-board and look down induces hesitation. All experience with earth forbids casting yourself down headlong. Diving is throwing yourself from a height, and the bathing wharf seems the Tarpeian rock. Can the diver be absolutely certain of his reception by the element, once he resigns himself to the force of gravitation? A flat concussion, turning over, crumpling up of the legs, are all to be avoided in a successful dive. Imitation, practice, sore resounding smacks, are the diver's best teachers. Watch G. W. running down the wharf! He is a little man, perfectly proportioned. His feet twinkle swiftly. He reaches the wharf edge at the right instant, flings himself far out in a flowing curve, flashes into the water and out again, head and shoulders, with marvellous swiftness. Tall, athletic C. U. is more deli-

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berate, as becomes his height; but he slips into the water with incomparable grace, hardly making a splash. Before he rises to the surface he takes a dozen long sweeps with his arms; his long, pale body shows dim below the green water. Poor W. is dead of a cruel disease all his clean living could not save him from, while U. is a colonel of artillery and was decorated for his services on the Somme.

“The cool silver shock of the plunge”—Robert Browning knew what he was writing about; but no pool, however “living,” can match the sparkling vivacity of the contact with the salt sea. If it is not “cool” distinctly cool, half the charm is lost. When the temperature of the water approaches that of the blood, which the effeminate desire, the reaction is too slight. Swimming in such tropical water as Virginia Beach or the Lido leaves one languid. The good northern tidewater at 60 degrees or thereabouts is the more desirable. Emerging a bright shell pink or lobster red, the swimmer is sure of proper reaction. If there is a sensation superior to that which follows the brisk header of a summer morning, it is unknown to me.

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There is an incomparable exhilaration, for the medicinal salt has affected every square inch of the covering skin and roused the heart and veins. After leisurely drying and dressing in the open air, the homeward stroll to the creature comforts of a hearty breakfast is a royal progress.

Of course it is possible to overdo a good thing. *Meden agan!* Dallying with the Nereid too long—a strong temptation when the water is “just right”—will leave the bather flaccid and drained of energy for the day. But the brief morning plunge taken daily is the finest of tonics. It clears the head and braces the body. The universal afflictions of nerves and colds flee before it; but these exemptions from the common lot are not the swimmer's reasons for his pursuit. That is too prosaic. He loves and woos the Nereid for her own sake, and these rewards are among her uncounted favours.

XXI

The Pleasance

The Pleasance

HE tropics flame and run over with flowers of every hue, profuse in the richest variety; but few imagine that Flora can be prodigal of her favours in the temperate northern lands. Her reign is so brief in Ultima Thule, for a summer of two months or little more; what can she accomplish in the time allotted? Is it possible that she can be lavish in quantity as in quality of her gifts, in colour, and in perfume? Then, she is an outcast divinity, poor Flora! The thrifty farmers of The Valley will have none of her in their well-tilled fields; so she takes to the highway perforce, like any gipsy. But even turned vagrant, she still reminds all who care to look that she is a goddess, entitled to reverence, working her unconsidered miracles along the narrow, grudging domain, and turning roadside and field edge and right of way into wild gardens.

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To the farmers of The Valley the alder is a pest. It seeds and spreads like a weed. The thriftless overgrown bush flourishes in the rich soil, as well as the profitable apple-tree, and must be fought down with the axe in frequent onslaughts. None the less the nuisance is a picturesque nuisance, for it runs in lines of green framing the fields with hedge-rows, and turning the rolling country under Blomidon into the semblance of an English shire. And the alder is a close ally of Flora's.

The Lower Road curves along the edge of the old salt marsh. It is a utilitarian thing of man's devising, to give access to the beach from the main highway. Here the alders have had their will for years, triumphing over the farmer, and they have turned it into a green lane with branches meeting overhead. The teams drag down the heavy timbers for the shipyard from the mountain to the beach, but they cannot be seen, only heard, in their passage through the leafy screens of the Lower Road. At the shore end, for reasons of their own, the alders have fallen away and given Flora a chance to exercise her skill. The farmer has ceased to persecute, and the Flower-

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Goddess seized on the empty space to turn it into a delight, her own private parterre.

She kept first place for her eldest favourite, the wild rose. On both sides of the road are beds and banks and thickets of roses, lusty, impenetrable green brakes, sown thick with pink moons, and stars, and crimson sparks, according as the flowers are in full bloom, or in bud, or just unfolding. In the dewy morning, the warm evening, the summer noon, when the interfering winds are still, the rose thickets flood the air with indefinable sweet.

This wilding must be the original, the mother of all the voluptuous garden roses with names almost as beautiful as themselves. It is a simple, single thing, five petals about a yellow centre. The colour varies from deep crimson in the shadow, or, when the rose first opens, to the ghost of a pink that is almost white, for the sun which glorifies also bleaches. The yellow centre is large in proportion, a rounded group of stamen and pistil, representing in one more form the everlasting mystery of sex, and the reproductive process, "the youths and maidens" of Erasmus Darwin's poem. There is something passionate and royal in this ar-

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rangement of floral crimson and gold, which suggests why the imperious hot-blooded House of Tudor had the rose for its symbol. When the wild rose droops, the petals fold back into the square conventional form familiar to the artist and the herald. A rose garden has always been the peculiar desire of kings, and sultans, and lovers of impossible luxury; and here is one of Flora's own planting, more subtle in design than mortal gardener ever planned. And the gate stands open day and night to all who choose to enter in.

Flora is almost as fond of yellow as of rose colour. She has a spendthrift's love of gold to fling about. Treading on the heels of the wild rose comes the golden-rod, showing Summer the door and ushering Autumn in. Flora planted it by sheaves and armfuls wherever root would hold. The sturdy crowds of it edge into the alders and almost shoulder the rose-brakes to one side. At first they stand in masses of verdant plumes; then gold dusts the green feathers; then they look as if Midas had touched them. The golden-rod is all kinds of gold. It shapes as spires and spikes and filigree and bullion and lace. It gleams, or shines,

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or glitters, or glows as if molten, according to the accidents of light and its relation to the gazer's eye. Such largess Flora scatters with a full and unwithdrawing hand for the benefit of any wayfarer.

The golden-rod is the showiest flower in the garden; it is gorgeous to behold, but it has one great fault—it gives forth no more sweetness than the precious metal that it mimics. That office is taken over by another yellow flower, the common evening primrose. Unlike its English cousin, it does not court the ground; it pushes forth from the sides of a tall stalk, like a many-branched candle-stick, lighting the dusk with pale yellow fire and pouring out delicate incense.

Another regal colour which Flora much affects is purple. The philosopher, the poet, the mystic, and the lover all complain that language breaks down in the effort to cope with their emotions and their thoughts, but not more than the mere pedestrian scribe, whose only aim is to set down the natural fact as he sees it. Purple may mean anything. It is a blanket term for combinations of red and blue; but the proportions may vary infinitely; the shades, grades and variations run through an endless gamut, and

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yet they are all purple. The vocabulary of odours is equally stricken with poverty. The scent of roses, the breath of new-mown hay, the reek of wood smoke on frosty air, to name but three—how they appeal to the sense and stir the brain! Each gives pleasure and sets trains of thought in motion, like music, and yet there is no language to render clear their subtle assault upon the human personality. An aroma, which is the flower's soul, can awaken the whole anthology. And what is perfume? Infinitely little particles flying off continually into the air, tickling human nerves, affecting the strange machinery of the brain, attracting honey-bees by day and moths by night! Another of the fairy-tales of Science! Another of the impossible tasks of Art!

But Flora's love of purple! Beyond the roses on the Lower Road is a plantation of scented purple thistles, which vie with the roses and the evening primrose in pouring out perfume. They are tall, handsome, *noli-me-tangere* fellows, the Scots Guards of Flora's domain. Nor are they as malicious in disposition as most thistles, for the farmer excuses himself from cutting them down by declaring that they do not spread.

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There is something masculine in their donative of scent.

Rose and gold and purple against masses of green was Flora's colour scheme for this wild garden. She tamed its splendour with white of yarrow, and bone-set, and pearly everlasting and Queen Anne's lace, which is more like floral jewel-work than lace. At the edge of the road under the alder bushes she set out an ornamental border of pigeon-berries. The flat leaves look like a tassellated pavement setting off the cluster of scarlet berries in each plant. In and out she wove long trails of pink-and-white convolvulus and scattered purple spikes of heal-all at random amongst the grass, along the edges of the Lower Road.

So Flora made her garden long ago and opened her gates to all comers. Boy and Girl accepted her tacit invitation with gratitude, and, in the long summer twilights they made the pleasance their own. Girl's hair is turning grey, and Boy halts in his gait, but Flora's wild garden can still awaken in their hearts the melodies of Spring.

XXII

Lucullus in Acadie

Lucullus in Acadie

THIS name has become a proverb for luxurious living, though he was in his own time a famous soldier to whom jealous Rome decreed a triumph for his defeat of Mithridates and the barbarians of the East. He was also an enlightened patron of learning, whose magnificent library was ever open to all comers. Still, later ages remember him only as a lover of good eating, a true son of Epicurus. Even in his own time, "Lucullus fare" was a proverb in Rome, where, says Master Plutarch, there was no talk but of his noble house-keeping.

Pope's couplet opens up possibilities:

"Lucullus, when Frugality could charm
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm."

Perhaps it is the mention farm which suggests these farm lands of Acadie beyond the Pillars of Hercules and across the western main. Should Lucullus ever revisit

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these glimpses of the moon and desire to feast upon something better than roasted turnips, I would undertake to spread a banquet before him far richer than any of those Rome wondered at; and all the cates should come from the soil, the forests, the inland or coastal waters of the delectable province called Acadie.

The *triclinium* should be set at the Look-off on North Mountain some sunny September afternoon. Here he could feast his eyes before he feasted his body. Our Roman guest could look eastward to Windsor and westward to Digby, a stretch of well nigh a hundred miles. By merely turning his head upon his couch, he could sweep with his glance the whole wealthy region lying four hundred feet beneath him, away to the South Mountain on the farther side of the Happy Valley; and he would behold nothing but the pastoral beauty of red-brown stubble fields covered with stooks of grain, green orchards, green meadows, darker patches of woodland, farmhouses and barns, and white hamlets of content. He would look on a fairer scene than he beheld from his villa amidst the Sabine hills and on shining loops of rivers lovelier than Anio and Nar,

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those five which run eastward with their bridles of green dike.

A Roman banquet began *ab ovo*, no doubt for some exquisite reason. There would be no difficulty in providing the initial egg, as a quaint *hors d'oeuvre* from the nearest farmhouse. If at the same time Lucullus should fancy rare foreign delicacies, to accompany it, he should have a loaf of home-made bread from the hands of a King's County housewife, and a pat of Acadia Dairy butter. A slice of bread and butter, *tartine*, says Brillat-Savarin, provides one of the four most delicious savours the human palate can enjoy.

The strict order of the Roman banquet should be modified to accord with newer customs. Novelty would be welcome to an epicure of Rome.

For soup there should be served a clam-chowder, Chezzetcook recipe, subtly concocted of milk, potatoes, pork, onions and also the indispensable clam. A bowl of this ambrosial purée smoking hot from the kitchen would prompt Lucullus to manumit the cook, and bestow a talent of silver on the slave who presented the dish.

For fish he should have a choice of

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broiled live lobster and Bay of Fundy scallops baked in buttered bread-crumbs on the scallop-shell. Or he might regale on well broiled cutlets of salmon, caught an hour before in the Ste Croix, if he did not prefer the orthodox head and shoulder boiled, with egg-sauce and garnished with green sprigs of parsley. If he would know real luxury, he should taste smoked salmon, lightly salted and cured a delicate golden brown in the blue smoke of a hardwood fire. His choice of fish is endless, amongst brook trout, sea trout, grayling, haddock, mackerel, turbot and herrings just out of the sea which taste like nuts.

The game course should be simple, of one dish only. A roast partridge, as grouse is called in Acadie, trussed upon his own slice of hot buttered toast soaking with the ethereal inexpressible emanation of himself, known to the vulgar as gravy, and accompanied by a bread-sauce breathing delicately of the homely onion and the exotic clove is a dish for any Roman epicure. It might be relieved with a moose muffle served with fried mushrooms gathered in old pastures on the Granville side. A truly Roman digestion might accommodate both. Milk-

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fed spring chicken, turkey, duck, goose, guinea fowl were customary in Roman feasts. They would be no novelty to Lucullus, but here in Acadie they would be all at his command.

Romans were famed trenchermen. The records of food consumed and well bestowed seem to us moderns of weaker build frankly incredible. All that has gone before might well be regarded as mere whets to the appetite, delicate titillations of the palate, preparative to the serious part of the banquet,—the moose steaks,—the red deer venison,—the roast sucking-pig—

Who can say?

But at last the end is in sight. The banquet has reached the stage *usque ad mala*. Below lie the orchards of the Happy Valley outspread in all their richness; and among the green leaves glow the rose-and-gold apples of the Hesperides. Lucullus shall have the new pleasure for which Xerxes advertised in vain. He shall taste a Gravenstein sired in Prescott's garden, a Bishop pippin from the Bishop's farm. His dessert may be enlarged by a comb of that white honey the Valley bees make in spring from the white apple blossoms. This should leave him with

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a sweetened mouth and form a worthy close to his exotic feast.

But the banquet has had one drawback, one unpardonable failure. There has been no wine, no Massic, no Falernian, or

"Soft and sleek as girlish cheek
Your inmost Cecuban."

They could not be provided. Smuggled wine of Champagne with beaded bubbles winking at the brim might possibly be accepted, but if offered the strong waters of the northern barbarian, the indignant shade would fly even the Happy Valley and seek the realms below.

XXIII

The Coasts of Ultima
Thule

XXIII

The Coasts of Ultima Thule

§1

OR the best part of his life Grizzlebeard has made his home beside the sea. From his window he can look upon the harbour and watch the great ships come and go. When thick mist covers the face of the waters, he can hear the warning groan of the fog-horn at the harbour mouth, and even catch the melancholy clang of the bell buoy rocked slowly by the swell above the shoal. He loves the sea and all craft that float thereon. Too few have been his voyages, and too many the years dividing them. Wherefore, when his chance came to make one of a crew of three to sail the pleasure yacht *Swan* home from Dolcefear, he embraced his madness, and shipped before the mast.

§2

Many were the stores to be ferried over from the sun-warmed wharf to the womb

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of the White Ship tethered unhappily to the spar-buoy. After two busy hours, the final case was safely stowed below deck, the big, triangular mainsail reefed for cruising hung ready, the jib was hoisted, the moorings were cast off, and at once the *Swan* sprang forward under the impulse of the strong north wind, impatient for the harbour mouth. One short stretch eastward, a long one to the west, and the open sea has taken the White Ship to its broad bosom.

All departures are the same. There is the definite severance from the land and all its affairs. A sense of isolation is closely joined to a sense of freedom. The vessel's motion seems exultant. She is speeding from the known to the unknown, from confinement within the limits of a port to the great spaces of blue water, from tame safety into glorious peril, and she goes gladly:

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared.
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

Coleridge generalised well. His joyous quatrain fits a thousand departures from a hundred ports. It fitted the fitting

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of the *Swan* that memorable September noon in the strong sun and the strong wind. She turned her back on the city with its star-shaped fort upon the central hill and tall church spires; to port she left the lighthouse which was once a martello tower, and turned her prow to the far sea-rim and a hazard of new fortunes.

§3

The walls are down. The city is built of walls. There are walls on both sides of the street. Walls close every vista. Walls rise up before your face and oppress you, in the dwelling, in the shop, in the church. Always and everywhere within the city there are walls. Here on the ocean there are none, except the translucent four winds of heaven. North, south, east, and west the eye is free to range unchecked the vast emptiness lit by the flaming sun and domed with the blue. The spirit bursts its bars. Surely it was sea and sky together which first gave man the idea of the infinite.

Who can reckon up the joys of the vessel under sail? There is the passive delight of watching the subtle curves of the white

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canvas against the sky; there is the exhilarating sense of rapid movement intensified by the illusion of swiftly processional waves, the ear is fed by the concert of lapping water against the planks and the song the wind sings in the cordage. Just to abandon oneself to the motion of the vessel, the lift and roll and heave and swing and dip of her, as she triumphs like a living creature over the obstructing billows, is a good joy. But what pleasure can earth afford like the joy of steering an able little ship in a singing breeze? The sea is large and our boat is small, but she is new and staunch. Only a few hours' experience of her behaviour in a sea-way sufficed to beget utter confidence in the little box of moulded planks beneath our feet; and confidence begat affection. The cunning fabric of mere wood becomes something to praise, to caress, to invent endearing names for, like a woman. To take the responsibility of the tiller, to direct the vessel in her course, eyeing wind and water, mark and compass with unceasing vigilance, to feel your will met instantly, with almost living responsiveness, at the movement of your arm, comes very near the crowning joy of life. The horseman knows

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something of this delight, but what carries the sailor never feels weariness.

“The way of a ship in the midst of the sea” was one of the four things which were “too wonderful” for wise Agur, the son of Jakeh. It is indeed a marvel. The compact, strong, fish-shaped coffer moves by the will of the wind upon her broad white pinions, a sea-creature, to swim, and yet partaking of the bird nature, to fly, a being of the water and the air. A creature of the element through which it takes its motion, it is fitted, embedded, cradled in ocean like a jewel in its chasing. The work of man’s hand, fashioned first in man’s brain, the will of man guides the ship on man’s errands, triumphing over wind and wave. The ship partakes of the life of man until it acquires an illusory life of its own, through sacred obedience to its master. Its existence is always at the touch of hazard, one continual adventure. Even in the land-locked harbour, the ship is not safe. Caressed by the perilous caresses of the sea, which may pass with tigerish swiftness to deadly blows, the ship has become the symbol and embodiment of all romance. It is also the most beautiful thing the hands of man fashioned for his mere uses.

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Past Devil's Island with its twin lighthouses the *Swan* sped eastward, far out from shore, and aiming at a dim, distant headland. To starboard there is nothing but ocean to the coast of France about Bordeaux. Late in the afternoon, the wind fell; the vessel rolled and pitched, and made no progress; the jib-block clanged incessantly on the traveller, and the trailing mainsheet switched water in the faces of the crew. Grizzlebeard took his watch below, and at once fell into a peaceful slumber. When he awoke, it was dark night. Slowly up an unseen channel in smooth water the *Swan* was making her way, under a light, warm rain. The ear was filled with the thunderous roar of the tide on the shingle all round. On either hand was a line of fading, changing white. Overhead great shafts of light from the pharos on Egg Island pierced the darkness intermittently. Far up Jeddore we anchored. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

§4

Sabbath peace filled the morning air and lay like a benediction on the still waters of the long, narrow inlet. A summer sun

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warmed the world, and showed white houses on the shore with blue smoke rising from the chimneys. Haste there was none, nor need of haste. So warm, so still was the morning that it seemed as if the *Swan* might remain a not unwilling prisoner in that sun-lit mirror of a stream for many hours. A soft breeze ruffled the surface of the water; but when the *Swan* spread her wings and began to move, it fell calm. No sooner was the anchor down, than the wayward wind filled the sails again, and the white hull began to slip swiftly through the water, as if eager to feel once more the long heave of the Atlantic swell. All day the good breeze held, and on strolled the little ship from point to point of her predestined course. Every sight was new, and ample time was given to view it from the sunny deck.

And there was much to see. The river St. Lawrence boasts of its Thousand Islands in one long expansion of its course; but the perilous coast of Ultima Thule is strewn with ten thousand. They are of all sizes and shapes, close at hand, far out to sea, lofty redoubts, bastions to withstand the assaults of storm and surge, or low roosts for the flocking, wheeling, screaming gulls,

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green vested with the unchanging spruce, or savagely naked, with sharp outlines as if cut with a chisel, or mere rocks awash showing their place by everlasting breakers white against the blue and flinging to the sky snowy sun-shot fountains of spray. Every bight and indentation is an archipelago, stretching out for miles to seaward. Through, and among, and around them lies our road. No easy road it is. There are three paths offered to our choice, the inner, the middle, and the outer way. The outer is plain ocean sailing; the middle has special difficulties for small craft overtaken in it by bad weather; the inside course, though the most intricate, offers handy anchorages at night, and therefore the inside was chosen. It is no road for a timid, or clumsy navigator, nor was it made simpler for the *Swan* by the fact that the falling glass portended storm, and the many tins of food stowed beneath the deck put the compass out by a whole point. If fog should come and blind the little ship among these ledges. . . .

§5

But the wit of man has devised sure guides

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among such perils. The cabin table is cunningly built as a deep wooden pocket, the captain's own invention, which holds—flat and uncurled—portfolio after portfolio of the indispensable charts. In the mariner's rude orisons, the names of Des Barres and Bayfield, surveyors, should always be remembered with the deepest gratitude. Never to be forgotten are the hydrographers who took the soundings, and counted the reefs and shot the angles, and noted the sea-marks, and, best of all, made such records of their priceless labours that the seafaring man need not err in his voyage amid perils of waters. The master of the *Swan* is practically inerrant. At the tiller with his short pipe between his teeth, silent, absorbed, vigilant, he sits with the magic, truth-telling paper on his knee, and watches sail and water and sky. Infallibly he guides his craft. Our voyage is only some two hundred miles, but a ship in motion is a ship in danger, and any sort of accident may happen within the length of a single mile. Vigilance must not cease for a moment. Before the voyage ended, his admiring crew saw the captain extricate his vessel from dangers not a few, once at least by main strength.

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Daring, skilful, ever ready in resource was our master mariner, and at our journey's end it were hard to say whether admiration or affection dominated in the mind of the ship's company. Fuller's eulogy on Drake portrays the captain nature once for all. "In matters especially of moment, he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but always contemning danger, and refusing no toyl; he was wont himself to be one (who ever was a second) at every turn where courage, skill or industry was to be employed." One unfading memory of this golden voyage is of the captain at the tiller, rather like a blonde, blue-eyed bear in oil-skins, against a background of white-pattered lacy wake and luminous sky.

§6

Guided by the chart and the will of the master mariner, the *Swan* threaded the inside course amid a labyrinth of islands. The south wind blew softly, and, under its gentle impulse, the white ship sauntered along her course. One promontory is called Owl's Head, which the Haliburton map names Knowle's Head. Somewhere in the forest

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behind it, the fishermen, Connor and Grace, killed and scalped the six Indians who had taken them prisoners, and they brought the scalps to Governor Cornwallis. It was a deed of blood and treachery. At the hour of noon when, all over Ultima Thule, congregations of faithful men were at their prayers, we encountered a series of shoals. Forward, the Green Hand watched for green water, and from time to time his warning cry admonished the captain how to steer away from sunken rocks. All about was the haunt of the seal. Before the gliding prow, sleek black heads shot noiselessly out of the water, to stare at the intruder on their domain; then, as the vessel neared they plunged beneath the surface, noiselessly, without a ripple, to emerge astern and resume their curious observation. What conclusion they came to who can say? Only that the low white cloud floating over the floor of the water should not be studied too closely. They seemed to be not unfriendly watchers of our progress, and the game lasted more than an hour. Pleasant Harbour where they played it is well named.

On such a cruise, eating and sleeping are quite secondary considerations. There are

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so many more interesting things to do—work the ship, watch the unfolding panorama, landscape and seascape, discourse at large on all manner of themes. A minimum of food is necessary; bread and jam, tomato ketchup and the contents of various tins are the chief of our diet; the small, handy, non-explosive, hard-boiled egg is an excellent ration. Meals are served entirely without ceremony, linen or silver, on the cabin table, when the *Swan* is at anchor, or they are passed up at odd times by the temporary sea-cook to the watch on deck, when she is under way. Indispensable is the rich brown, sustaining, refreshing coffee brewed on the well-named “Shipmate” stove, over a brisk fire of small coals. Grizzlebeard professes himself a good, plain cook, and served in that capacity during the voyage, winning, be it modestly recorded, golden opinions from captain and crew which were duly logged and included in his discharge. It was the triumph of the trained intellect and the justification of three university degrees. Properly considered, the ship’s galley is a life-saving station where food and drink are made ready for those in extremity; for it needs no demonstration that without food

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and drink, men must inevitably perish. In the *Swan*, the galley was the warm cheerful heart of the little ship. No snobbish partition divided it from the saloon, nor was the cook excluded from the officers' mess. The *Swan* was a happy ship.

We few, we happy few, are viewing the ancient province in a most uncommon way. Not from the deck of a steamer, which must keep far away from these alluring dangers, not in a motor-car which must follow the sinuosities of the coast along roads often far from the water, but like the first voyagers and adventurers we discover the unknown shore. Grizzlebeard's favourite stance was the companion-way, with head and shoulders outside the cabin. With eyes only a foot or two above the level of the turbulent water, he sees the shore as a series of pictures sliding past. There at any given moment is a long, shifting section of the deeply indented, serrated coast-line, generally bald, and forbidding. Deep fiords run far up into the land beckoning the White Ship in. Ship Harbour, Spry Bay, Mushaboom, Sheet Harbour, are not mere names on the chart, but sunlit vistas of blue water, defended by islands, with white lighthouses for sentinels, and

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white-walled hamlets in the distance. And behind that picturesque coast-line is all Ultima Thule, bathed in warm sunshine, its hills and valleys, its tidal rivers and green-diked meadows, its orchards and farms, its stony barrens haunted by moose and red deer, its pleasant fields and towns and hamlets and all the men, women and children. We are apart from it all, and watch with unsated eyes, the rich and ever changing panorama.

§7

The second day was a fair copy of the first. About three o'clock, off Pope Head, the breeze died away, and then picked up off shore. Far ahead stood up the next long promontory bounding a broad deep bay. For that the *Swan* steered, moving briskly amid the turmoil of a rising sea. Past Taylor Head, she sailed to the mouth of Sheet Harbour, and then beat in against the wind up to a lighthouse on a high bare rock. On the port hand were many islands,—Psyche, Guildford, Salisbury, Carroll, Roach, Malagash, Western,—to name only a few laid down in the chart. The sky was covered with grey cloud, night was coming fast,

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the wind blew cold. No one but the captain knew the secret of our destination. The harbour stretched inland for miles, with the dreary prospect of tacking, tacking, endlessly tacking to an anchorage in the dark. Ahead we saw a small schooner check on a shoal and hang there for several minutes. And then turning an unexpected corner, we opened a narrow channel, the piers of a broken bridge dividing it, and a motor-boat approaching loaded to the gunwale with friendly natives. In answer to the captain's hail, a man in the boat cried where the best water was, the *Swan* swept majestically between the midmost piers and came to anchor in a narrow, calm and land-locked bay. Houses on shore and wharves at the water's edge look strange and unfamiliar. The place is Sober Island. Can the title be honorific, or invidious, or ironical? Visitors came on board interested in the tall spar, the Marconi rig and the rounded deck of the White Ship. The crew, in turn, went ashore and felt the novelty of solid earth under their feet again. All was made snug; the crew turned in; the still moonlight shone down the open companion; and the sunny morning and the tranquil evening were the second day. [343]

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§8

Ship-life means early hours and conversing with the forehead of the morning. The "Swans" roused at dawn to find the north wind blowing strong down the narrow channel, crisping the slate-blue water into tiny white-caps. To beat out would be a wearisome and profitless task, sailing over much water and making little progress. There was nothing for it but to remain at anchor. Indeed, the wind blew so strong that the single anchor could not hold. Dragging an anchor means danger to vessels large or small; and all on board breathed easier, when the second anchor found good holding ground. The *Swan* ceased to drift and remained wind-bound.

In the old days of sail, a vessel might remain wind-bound for days or weeks. Harry Fielding on his last sad voyage in search of health knew that form of tedium. On board the *Swan*, in Grizzlebeard's kit-bag was found the infallible counter-charm for boredom, the balm of idleness, the unfailing resource for empty hours, the magic board of four and sixty squares with all its chivalry of kings and queens, bishops

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and knights and castles. The wind might blow as it liked, and as long as it liked. No matter. The captain and the sea-cook sat absorbed on opposite sides of the cabin-table, and pondered, and smoked and shifted the red and white pegmen from one hole to another. The world with its importunate cares and responsibilities faded into remotest distance, and only the marchings and counter-marchings of the mimic war had any real being. As Lady Venus once said:

A summer's day will seem an hour but short
Being wasted in this time-beguiling sport,

Did not Charles the Twelfth besieged by the Turks at Bender forget his deadly peril in the game and play of chess?

Once the mid-day meal despatched, the captain seemed to smell a change in the weather. Putting his head out of the companion-way he announced that the wind had shifted to E.S.E., and called all hands on deck. Soon the *Swan* was walking swiftly down the channel which had been barred so long. Once more she followed the inside course, threading a maze of islands across Beaver Harbour and White Island Bay.

It was mid-afternoon when she bade fare-

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well to Sober Island; only four hours of daylight remained and the sky was overcast. Once with the dropping light, she lost her way amidst the labyrinth. There was nothing for it but heave to and try to recover the trail.

"All we know," said the captain calmly, "is that there's good water between this island and the next."

Some anxious minutes passed while the *Swan* hung in the wind, and all three men scanned the dim low horizon. It was Grizzlebeard's old eyes that found the shadowy, slanting spar which was our guide-post in the bewildering road.

"That's where it ought to be," said the captain, referring to the chart, and put the hesitating *Swan* on her course once more.

At seven the White Ship came to anchor inside Little Goose Island, a most lonely and desolate spot. The anchorage indicated in the chart did not prove good holding-ground. Once more she dragged; and it was necessary to get all three anchors down, a long and difficult task. The *Swan* then lay practically unsheltered in an open roadstead with numberless islands on either hand. If the wind should rise in the night,

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there would be danger. When in Liscomb, on her way up the coast, with all anchors down, did not the gale tear them loose? And all night the yacht pounded on a shoal. Here on the nearest island, a cable length away, stood a deserted, grey-weathered, two-storey, frame house. All the windows were gone; there was no door. The five square openings stared black and silent, with the effect of an eyeless skull. The fixed stare of the desolate habitation was uncanny. That night the crew of the *Swan* slept in their clothes, and their slumbers were neither easy nor deep. And the wind-bound morning and the anxious evening were the third day.

§9

September thirteenth is a famous date, memorable for the Battle of the Plains and the Storm of Delhi. For the *Swan*, the day broke ominously with low-hanging cloud and flying showers. The "scowl of heaven" is no empty phrase. The wind was rising, the glass was low, and in the dull light, the whole scene about the anchorage was sadder, wilder, more desolate than in the mournful shades of evening. For miles to

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seaward, tossing breakers showed the sunken ledges. Once more the *Swan* hurried into a network of islands, shoals and dangers. The navigation was intricate, demanding the whole attention of the sailing-master. Across Ecum Secum inlet before a rising westerly wind fled the *Swan*, past Epee Point, past Hawbolt Island, past Barren Island, past Liscombe of evil memory. The White Ship sailed as she had never sailed before, tearing through the roughened water, as if racing for her life. Astern the towing dinghy leaped from the top of one billow to the next with ear-filling swashing and turmoil. Ahead, the outlook was upon a circle of low-lying islands indistinguishable from solid land. Through them led our path, but no opening was to be descried. Two hours' trial convinced the master that he was standing into danger. The compass was untrustworthy. A slight deviation to the one hand or the other would mean a mile out of our course farther on. So the *Swan* turned in her tracks. "Coming about" was a ticklish business. The two splices in our tall spar showed what had happened on the way up. A trifle of bad luck, a little clumsy handling, and the mast with its

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spread of canvas might go over the side a second time and leave the *Swan* a sheer hulk. Such thoughts passed through the brain of Grizzlehead as he struggled with the main-sheet. With feet braced against the six-inch side of the cock-pit, he hauled the long boom nearer and nearer inboard, and watched the grey clean water swirling under the counter. He thought, "If it should all end here and now—" And he felt no fear. The water death is speedy and clean; four minutes' fight with suffocation; far better than being tied to a chair or nailed to a bed, decaying by degrees. The water was never unfriendly. A swift *coup-de-grace* might be the final kindness of the ancient comrade. But the *Swan* came about handsomely, to the crash of breaking crockery, and clattering pans in the galley, behaving like the lady that she is, and started on a return trip—whither? Every minute the weather was growing worse. Shelter must be founded in some near port or bay. The problem was — Which one? — Where? — Halfway out of the companion-way Grizzlebeard read aloud from the pilot-book issued by a paternal government for the safeguarding of mariners. There was choice of Wine

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Harbour, St. Mary's River, Gegogan, Liscombe: but, according to the book, each was beset by formidable difficulties, especially with the wind in this quarter. No master, ran the warning, should attempt to enter, without a pilot, etc., etc.

"They try to scare you to death," was the captain's smiling comment, "so that, in case of accident, they won't be blamed."

One harbour refuge after another was rejected as too perilous: and, at last the *Swan* was headed straight for the high, bleak, rain-swept coast, where the chart alleged that Gegogan lay. To the eye there was no opening in the forbidding barrier of ancient stone. On sped the White Ship in the rain between Redman and Barrachois, and still no opening appeared in the rocky wall.

"Here," said the captain, quoting from the pilot-book with his confident smile, "is where we take on the pilot."

Faster flew the *Swan*, and higher loomed the shore. The dinghy towing astern must have fancied herself a seaplane as she swished over the surface of the waves. Then within the last mile the entrance to Gegogan harbour was discernible. The chart had not deceived us. There lay our port. A few

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minutes more, and the *Swan* had found the gateway, had glided into the smooth water of a land-locked bay and drew up beside an anchored schooner. A local poet has sung, "Chegoggin's fields of waving grain," but if any grain had grown, it was now in the garner. Only one forlorn-looking frame house stood on a rise beside the snug harbour.

Once more there was leisure to eat, to rest, to play at chess. A night in one's clothes does not conduce to comfort or self-respect. They come, in the Biblical phrase, to "abhor you." But a dip overside in the clean salt water thrilling with the peculiar September tang cooled the fevered skin and calmed the strained nerves. After supper came yarns in the cabin, spun from berth to berth; and the captain told of his first voyage out of St. John, when the whole firm-stowed deckload of lumber went over the side the very night his ship left port. And the stormy morning and the peaceful evening were the fourth day.

§10

According to some ancient writers, the Fates are the daughters of the Sea. Per-

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haps that is why the Sisters Three arranged this cruise of the *Swan* as drama, each day being a separate act, filled with varied scenes and each act differing in character from all the rest, giving to them relief, opposition, contrast and support. Light and shade were artfully distributed by these experienced play-wrights; suspense was well maintained, and there was a happy ending. September the fourteenth was the richest of the Six Golden Days. It was the Day of the Long Jump, and it began *andante*.

Having in mind the weather of the previous day, the captain roused the crew at the earliest light, and got the *Swan* under way. Grizzlebeard will never forget the glories of that dawn. It was as if the lowering skies and screaming wind of yesterday had never been, as if the angry weather were but the memory of an evil dream swiftly fading in a heavenly peace. The air was pure crystal. The dark, rough, stormy road we travelled yesterday was now, as we retraced our steps, a level shining floor, like transparent glass, only blurred here and there by touches of the dawn wind. Over it, the *Swan* moved as softly as a shadow. Besides the White Ship with white sails, the

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only other tenant of the universe was the single white star hanging low in the eastern sky. There is magic in the morning hour; its hands are filled with gold. To the Greeks, Eos was a goddess opening the portals of the east with rosy fingers. To young John Milton, she was the mother of that Joy he dreamed might companion him through life. Our own Canadian singer, her sweet voice stilled untimely, made her prayer,

"Oh, keep the world for ever at the dawn."

At such an hour as this, these matters are easy to understand. All round is the comment writ large. Poetry is good to read, a solace for the chimney-corner, when the winds whistle shrill, but here and now, the soul attuned is living poetry.

Through the ineffable freshness and quiet, the *Swan* moves slowly towards the well-named Wedge Island, a hard, lonely rock, carrying a needful lighthouse. All at once, a narrow, intenser illumination shows at one point on the sea-rim. It blazes up swiftly and a surprising fiery globe rises out of the ocean. It was as if it shone for the first time upon the new created world.

"Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist,"

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Over the ocean streams the glad light flowed; the breeze freshened at once; the little ship quickened her pace; the water roughened; and soon over the southern horizon, faint white clouds began to climb the sky. The enchanted hour of dawn was over; the day had begun, the day most crowded with adventure for the *Swan*.

Under the sway of the ever freshening breeze, the White Ship showed what she could do. Sweetly she sailed, and gaily, as if she too enjoyed the fresh air, the clear light, and her own fleet-foot progress through the blue water. Past cape St. Mary, past Indian Harbour, she sped to Mocodome. High on its rocky promontory stood white Port Bickerton, and, far out to sea, the ledges Castor and Pollux showed their place by tossing sheets and fountains of sun-shot spray. Into Country Harbour the *Swan* turned and ran by the end of a low, treeless island, where the pirates of the *Saladin* piled up their blood-stained barque, with all sails set, even to the royals. On and on, with dipping wing flew the *Swan*, by Coddle Island, by New Harbour Cove to Berry Head into Tor Bay and through a maze of islands to White Head. Here-

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about on September 13, 1809, Captain John Stairs sprang over the taffrail of the *Three Sisters* to escape from murderous Ned Jordan. Through these islands, Ensign Prenties of the 84th Royal Highland Emigrants made his way with his Indian guides, his despatches and survivors of the *St. Lawrence* in April, 1781, and saw American picaroons hovering off shore. All the *Swan* encountered was a solitary little schooner sword-fishing, strolling along under mainsail and jib. One man steered, one man was perched on each mast, and the fourth stood in the pulpit at the bow, harpoon in hand.

Once round Dover Head, the *Swan* scurried to Dover Island, swept through Dover Run and into Dover Bay. By this time the wind was blowing fiercely, and the little white clouds were mounting the sky in long parallel lines. At the shoreward end of Dover Bay lies Little Dover Run, a narrow, deep channel between White Island and the mainland. Through this strait, the *Swan* raced, dead before the wind, the end of the boom almost brushing the trees on one side and the shadow of her tall mast measuring the shore on the other. It was a nerve-stirring

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passage over too soon and never to be forgotten. But the wind was too strong for safety. The silent Captain must have had fears for his wounded spar and he resolved to anchor in a small round bay at the end of the Run. Accordingly the *Swan* swerved sharply to port, lowered sail, nosed into the end of the bight and dropped anchor. But the wind blew too strong against the mass of the hull, the anchor would not hold, and the yacht drifted helplessly towards the rocky shore. There followed some anxious minutes during which it seemed highly probable that the cruise would end there and then. But the captain was equal to the emergency. Leaving the tiller, he cut the spanker-boom free from its lashings, and by main strength fended the vessel off the rocks. Having succeeded in getting the vessel under control again, he sailed over his anchors, and put out perforce into the broad, wind-whipped expanse of St. Andrew's Passage. Now there was no possible shelter or anchorage for the *Swan* nearer than the ancient fishing station of Canso. To reach that port was imperative. Getting the weed-hung anchors inboard, securing them, and putting the anchor-warps in or-

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der kept the crew busy below. The master had his own unspoken anxieties for the safety of the ship. When all was snug below, the Green Hand went forward to look out for shoal water, Grizzlebeard "made up the back-stay," as occasion demanded, and the captain steered. A long hour dragged out its anxious minutes. Through St. Andrew's Passage the *Swan* sped into Glasgow Bay and on to Glasgow Head. The tall mast of the Marconi station beckoned us from its height. Under the bank was a party of bathers. Knowing what he knew, the captain prophesied a "dusting" when we rounded Glasgow Head and ordered the crew into oilskins.

As the *Swan* rounded the point, Cranberry Light came into view, a white tower banded with red, far to seaward. Now the wind blew fiercely, dead in our teeth. We opened a broad stretch of tormented blue water covered with white-caps. Up this channel we must tack and tack again, to and fro, making scanty gains until we reached safety. The *Swan* heeled over to the limit allowed by her leaden fin-keel. It was the utmost she could do. We were soon drenched; we were dazzled by the sun in

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our faces, as we watched the banks and the buoys marking the channel, and noted our slow progress. "Making up the back-stay" when the mast swayed like a whip was swiftly imperative; for the wind was screaming now. Far ahead we could descry a dozen wind-bound schooners anchored side by side. Slowly, painfully but gallantly the *Swan* fought her way towards her desired haven. Stretch followed stretch, and then the captain swung his vessel just under the stern of three grimy colliers. Blackened faces grinned at us over the bulwarks, as we flew past, and then we were inside the narrow slit of a harbour called the Tickle, with wharves and vessels on both sides. Now the danger threatened was collision. With her way checked, the *Swan* made for the right hand wharf—the wind carried her away before a line could be got ashore,—the yacht began to drift. Seeing our plight two men with the sailor's natural impulse to aid a vessel in distress, put off in a boat from the sky-blue sword-fisher *True Love*. But before they could reach us, the *Swan* swung to the opposite shore—this time the line was flung with better luck,—a man on the wharf seized it. . . .

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"A sailor's benison! Don't let her rub!" shouted the Captain—the crew fended off from the wharf-side with their bare hands—and the next moment, the *Swan* was at rest, lying strangely quiet beside the quay. The most exciting part of the cruise was over, fifty miles had been covered in eleven hours; the hour was four precisely. The tension was ended, and quite permissibly, Nereus crowned our cups.

Cras ingens iterabimus aequor

The next stage of the cruise means crossing over a broad stretch of sea to the island which was once called Royal. Its capital bore the name of a long line of kings. Once it was a city of ten thousand inhabitants. Once it was the outlying bastion of a European power in the New World. It sustained two world-famous sieges. To-day this city of kings is a fenceless desolation like Nineveh and Tyre. To reach this island, the *Swan* must traverse twenty-five miles of open water, where, on her way down, she was dismasted, and only saved by the captain's consummate seamanship. If the wind should blow to-morrow, as it did to-day and assail the *Swan* in the open. . . .

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That night, after a good supper, there was a council of war in the cabin. With the falling glass and the prospect of a heavy gale, was it best to remain in the Tickle, or to proceed on our voyage as far as St. Peter's? The wind had moderated, the moon turned darkness into day; running by night would be another experience; and twenty-five sea-miles left behind would be so much clear gain. On the other hand, there was no passing through the canal by night. Waiting at St. Peter's was almost the same as waiting in the Tickle. The decision was to remain at our moorings; it turned out to be wise. And the tranquil morning and the secure, tame evening were the fifth day.

§ 11

That was a short night, not much longer than the middle watch. It was mere glimmering dark, not dawn, when the *Swan* cast off from the wharf at Canso and glided softly through the anchored colliers out on the dim, uncertain sea. An entering steam-trawler was keenly interested in the White Ship's towering spar and strange rig. Then the sun rose once more "like God's own

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head" and the dawn-wind blew prosperously for us across the ruffling blue. Here the *Swan* proved herself. Making merry speed, she walked along her appointed course, in perfect trim, the steersman hardly needing to lay his finger on the tiller. Thus we crossed the expanse of Chedabucto Bay in the cheerful morning, as Saint Luc de La Corne crossed it in the dead of night in 1761. The wind blew strong but did not yet even threaten the violence of the day before. Midway we spoke a trader, which is at once a ship, a shop and a home. The skipper, his wife and two children well wrapped against the cold came on deck to watch the passing of the *Swan* and to comment on her tall mast. Isle Madame from being a dark blur on the far northern horizon changed to red shores and cultivated fields and comfortable houses set close together. Beside the larger island to seaward lies Petit de Grat, where Tonge in the *Little Jack* beat the two Marblehead privateers. By nine, the *Swan* was in the wide and lovely bay of St. Peter's where a new experience awaited her, to wit, a canal.

The island once called Royal is split lengthwise by the two long lakes of the

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Golden Arm. All that prevents it being two islands is a strip of land measuring but a bare half-mile across. In olden days, this isthmus was aptly christened Haulover, because small craft could be dragged by ox-team from one water to the other. Then the canal was dug to follow the natural contours, as planned by Francis Hall, surveyor, in 1823. A single lock suffices to lift or lower the passing vessel, according to its need.

Why have poets never sung the strange beauty of canals? Goldsmith indeed calls the Dutch canal "slow," and with justice; the canal is a synonym for "tardiness of locomotion." The Grand Canal of Venice, a water street of palaces, stands alone in its excelling beauty. But such a creation of human hands was possible once only in the history of the world. Our Canadian poets might well find inspiring themes in our "common Canadian" canals. To contrive that vessels shall climb over twenty-seven miles of land, go up hill and then down hill as at Welland is a triumph of man's intellect and will. Masts against the sky line of vessels, to all seeming, hopelessly aground in green fields, and other masts mounting up to

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them step by step is a sight to evoke a song. The dreaming, heron-haunted Rideau forgotten by the world might point the moral of a poem on the futility of warlike scheming. In itself, a canal-lock is a picturesque object. The massive masonry, the slow-swinging gates, the mechanic water welling in or flooding out lend themselves to painting; and the dams, backwaters, feeding-ponds are often full of charm. A canal is not a ditch; it is a series of marine adventures.

So at St. Peter's, the *Swan* lay for an hour with lowered sails in the single lock, while the crew stretched their legs on shore. Here the Captain was once more in his own country. Every man knew him and greeted him as a friend in the courteous low-toned speech of the Gael. The ground was well worth exploring. Here stood the very fort which Nicholas Denys built in the days of *le Roi Soleil*. To this seventeenth century fish merchant, chiefly interested in the taking and curing of cod, the world owes the tragic tale of Fort St. John, glorified by the heroism of Marie de la Tour and darkened by the shame of Charnisay. The outline of his fort is still plainly to be seen. On the

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other side of the bay, on a hill overgrown by spruce trees within the memory of living men, is the old redoubt of Fort Somerset. It was built to command the bay: but no gun was ever mounted in any one of these mouldering embrasures. A hole in the ground showed where the natives had been digging for hidden treasure. Night is the only prosperous time for such a search. Tales were told by the guides of French gold found, of coin unearthed and lost again. After an invigorating scramble through the undergrowth down the hill to the yacht, there followed a "gam" in the cabin. Once more Nereus crowned the cups—it was hard to find enough of them—of captain, crew and captain's friends, the lock-tender, the village blacksmith, the fisher of sword-fish, the lighthouse-keeper, *et al.*

Too soon the good hour in the canal ended. The high banks on both sides sheltered from the fresh wind, and let the sun have his will. Sped by good wishes and a favourable breeze, the *Swan* passed from the northern end of the canal into the last of the archipelagos she was to traverse in this cruise. Spar-buoys, "cans," and other marks became once more matters of absorbing in-

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terest as the White Ship threaded a fairy-land of green islands, a summer pleasance, only waiting for the summer dwellers to enter in and take possession. Thenceforward her path lay due north aligned for the Polar Star. The island-sprinkled channel broadened out into the great twin lakes of the Golden Arm lit by the sun, swept by the wind, and watched all round by the high unchanging hills. The expected and dreaded gale never came. On that last day of all, wind and weather showed themselves in their friendliest mood. The so-called lakes are really an inland sea but without the restless roll and heave of the Atlantic. Now, with the wind fair, the dangers all past, the skipper took his watch below and the Green Hand steered. Basking at length on the sunny fore-deck, and sunk in a pleasant silence, Grizzlebeard watched the changing scene. High overhead an eagle sailed the air, as the *Swan* sailed the water keeping equal pace and direction with the vessel. It was a lucky omen.

Before the unswerving bow, the blue empty water was peaceful as a dream. Merely to pore on the sun-shot world was a good joy. Continually new phases of the

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scene appeared, melted into other phases and fell behind. Sunlight and cloud-shadow brightened and gloomed along the high green-wood shore. As the sea-miles slipped into the *Swan's* wake, the cobweb barrier of the long railway bridge at Grand Narrows became plainer and more plain. But the massive steel structure was no obstacle to the *Swan*. At her unhesitating approach, a section of the bridge swung round and made a gap, through which she swept with regal gait. The second lake was a repetition of the first. Sun and wind continued their friendship to the *Swan*. In the distance a green point rose up from the shoreline and grew taller and more clearly defined. Then, on the summit of "Fair Mountain" a skeleton tower of steel could be made out. Halfway up the cliff hung the white lodge of Old Merlin the wonder-worker, whose name is known all the world over. In another hour he will greet the captain and the crew.

The end comes all too soon. Unerringly, the *Swan* makes for her familiar moorings in front of the shops, where Merlin worked his wonders. She folds her wings, comes to a halt and, is once more servilely tethered

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by a length of rope to a floating spar. Boats put off from the shore. The skipper's children from the Bungalow clamber over the side to embrace him. A brother mariner from another yacht reports his capture of a swordfish the day before. The sails are furled and gasketed, the boom is crotched, the decks are swept for the last time. The cruise is over.

* * * *

A happy ending—Six days of hard work, scanty fare, broken sleep, and not infrequent peril have passed all too soon. As they sped, they were filled to the brim with living; and they will remain in the memory one entire and perfect sestet of days and nights, such as are rarely granted to mortal man. The only drop of bitter in the cup is the thought that the golden time is past. It brought many gifts, that brief time of free living between ocean and sky. The four walls of any dwelling will seem a prison, in which the lungs can hardly draw the air. The brain is swept clean of cobwebs: the nerves have learned their place. Muscles have toughened and palms have grown hard. On the retina of the inward eye will remain inef-

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faceable aquarelles of the wildly beautiful coast of Ultima Thule. Perhaps the greatest gain is the treasure of a new friendship created by the rude life and perils shared in common.

Explicit laus Novae Scotiae

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited
Printers and Bookbinders
Toronto





